



Madam L'Aunoy

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Secret Memoirs
OF THE
DUKE and DUTCHESS
OF *Orleans*
O : : : : :
Intermix'd with the
Amorous Intrigues and Adventures
OF THE
Most Eminent PRINCES
OF THE
Court of FRANCE.

*Written by Madam D'AUNOY,
Author of the Ladies Travels into Spain.*

Made English from the Paris Edition.

L O N D O N,

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THE
TRANSLATOR
TO
The READER.

I*T has been the Wonder of all, who entertain a particular Esteem for the Ingenious Pieces of the Countess D'Anois, That, after her Various Rambles and Memoirs of the most celebrated Courts of Europe, she should be so backward in obliging the World with the Amorous Intrigues of the French Court, where Gallantry seems to ride Triumphant, and spread her Conquests without controul. She has at last thought fit to ease the Curious of part of their Pain by the following Tract, which, as it may, in all probability, be look'd up-*

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The Translator to the Reader.

on as an Introduction to others of the same kind (relating to that Court) so I don't question, but the Reader, upon the first perusal of it, will be convinced, that, in representing the Irresistible Power as well, as the Extravagancies of Love, in its natural Shape and Dress without any additional Ornaments, she has in this Piece surpass'd every thing she has Publish'd before of that nature.

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Secret Memoirs

O F

The Duke and Dutcheſs

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O — — — — — S.

W I T H

The Amorous Intrigues and Adventures of divers of the most eminent Princes of the Court of *France*.

THE Marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of O—s with the Princess of England, Sister to King *Charles II.* afforded a thousand fresh Opportunities of Diversion to the
B *French*

French Court ; nothing was to be seen there, but Entertainments, Hunting Matches, Balls, Opera's and Plays to divert the Lords and Ladies of that Court, at so agreeable a Conjunction ; but the God of Love, the Great Conqueror of the Universe, who makes every thing submit to his Empire, casting his Eyes upon so fair an Assembly, immediately laid a design of making the Hearts of these Gallant Persons sensible of the force of his Darts. The Dutcheſs of ——— as her ill Stars would have it, who was not very fond of her Husband, happened to be among the number of those that were conquered by his Arms, and soon knew her Conqueror. This was the Count *de Guiche*, a Man ambitious to the highest degree, the Son of the Marshal *de Grammont*, and *Maistre de Camp* of the Regiment of *French* Guards, who being one of the King's Favourites, wanted not Vanity to raise his Amorous Thoughts to the highest Pitch, being so far entangled by her Charms, and extraordinary

nary Merits, that he resolved to purchase her Favour at the Expence of all his Fortune. The Count in the very first beginning of his Passions appearing one day at a Feast, the King gave to the Ladies at *Versailles*, in a very melancholy Air, the Dutcheſs, with a very engaging Look; *Alas Count* (said she) *pray tell me without disguise, what grand Projects you are framing at this time, which takes up all your Thoughts, and makes you so pensive?*

The Count *de Guiche* quite amazed at his unexpected good Fortune, was so far from being able to return an immediate Answer, that he was ready to drop down at her Feet; however, having recovered himself a little, he made the Dutcheſs sensible, in a languishing Tone, that he was touch'd to the Heart beyond expression. The Dutcheſs, who was of a tender Disposition, and knew very well, that the King's Addresses to her had afforded no small Subject of Jealousie to the Count, told him with a Smile; *You are very agreeable in Point of Love,*
B 2
there

there are not many who can compare with you, your Addresses will not fail to meet with a grateful return. The Count was going to return his humble Thanks to the Princess, in the most submissive and passionate Terms that could be, when our Great Monarch drawing near, follow'd her close into a Closet, where she was seeking for a little Retirement. Seating himself by her, the Count, who was got behind the Tapestry, had the Mortification to be an Ear-witness of the Addresses the King made to her. The Dutchesse, who knew that the Count was in a Corner behind the Tapestry, vex'd at the King's Presence with Eyes sparkling with Anger, entertain'd his Passion with Raillery ; which made his Majesty tell her with a Serious Air, he could not imagine what could move her to turn his Sufferings into Ridicule. Sir, (reply'd she with a low Voice, but not without Laughing more heartily than before) *I have perhaps some Reasons to my self not to receive your Addresses without Unquietness.*

ness. That Prince who hitherto had thought he had nothing to fear, arising from his Seat, drew his Sword, and began to search every Corner of the room, while the Princess trembling with fear, made a sign to the Count, to get away as fast as he could, to avoid falling into the King's Hands: He was no sooner gone, but bursting out a Laughing, Sir, cry'd she, *I believe you are drawing your Sword against Shades and Spectres; What makes your Majesty to be in such a Rage? You see we are alone, nothing in the World disturbs us.* Madam, (reply'd the King, with a loud Voice;) *Unless I am strangely mistaken, I saw somebody behind these Tapestries, who, I fear, might partake of the Secrets of my Heart.* O! *what is it you fear,* said the Dutchess Blushing; *when nothing can disturb you here.* I am sensible of that, Madam, said that Prince, casting a tender Look at her, *yet should I be ready to run distracted, if any body had overheard me; for Love being a nice Passion, I should lose one half of my Pleasure; Secresy en-*

*ereases the Charms of Love, and 'tis in her we must search for our true Satisfaction. I can't deny it to be so, said the Dutchess somewhat Discomposed, without the aid of Secresy, Tenderness is not very agreeable nor durable. One of her Ladies coming in at the same time to tell her, that the Duke of O——s was a coming, they rejoyn'd the rest of the Company, and the King appearing somewhat disturbed, pass'd part of his time in reading a Book. The next day following the King gave a Ball, where all the Ladies appear'd in their utmost Lustre, and the Dutchess of —— in particular surpass'd all the rest in her engaging Deportment. The Duke of O——s, who had for some time past look'd upon the Countess of Olone as the most Aimable Person of the Court, entertain'd her that Evening with his Sighs and a thousand obliging Expressions, to the no small Mortification of Madam Montespan, who had flatter'd her self with the hopes of making that Prince her Conquest; but now seeing him to
 make*

make his Addresses to her, she was ready to burst with spite and envy against her Rival. That Prince unwilling to act the Arbitrator betwixt them, withdrew for some time, and being a great Admirer of strange Adventures and Stories, he soon after gave them a long Relation of the *Emperor of the Sun*, a Title assumed by a certain pretended famous Astrologer, reported to be come lately from the *East to Paris*, to exercise his admirable Art in *France*. The Prince of *Conde*, whom the Duke of O— had made his Confident in this Matter, told them such surprizing Things of this Great Astrologer, that the whole Company began to shew an Inclination of visiting him, each in particular, to learn from him their good or ill Fortune, except *Madam de Olorne*, who hated all sorts of Conjurers, because she dreaded the Discovery of her Amorous Intrigues told the Prince of *Conde*, with a scornful Air, *Alas! what is such an unhappy Wretch able to tell of those that submit themselves*

to Providence ? If he can say any thing to the purpose he must deal with the Devil ! O ! Madam, return'd the Prince, this stupendious Mortal erects the Horoscope of the whole World, nothing can be conceal'd from him, as well of what is past as what is to come. Then I will take care, said she to the Duke of Candalle, who stood hard by, how I come near this Emperor of the Sun, who dives thus far into the Secrets of all the World. No, Madam, reply'd the Duke with a pleasant Air, you must go and see him, as well as the other Ladies, this surprizing Astrologer will perhaps tell you such things as will highly please you. Sir, return'd the Countess with a grave Air, People are seldom fond of being told of their Follies and Misfortunes, such as these Wretches commonly speak off. Who has made you believe, Madam, reply'd the Duke of Candalle briskly, that you shall be Unfortunate ? Ladies so handsom as you, have, most commonly, Fortune at their own Disposal, and sail with a fair Gale upon the Ocean of Felicity. Well, we will
put

put it to the Tryal, said she, interrupting the Duke, and so went out of the Room. The Count de Guiche happening to meet her alone in a very pensive posture, in one of the Galleries, whisper'd her in the Ear, *Fair Hermit, afford me a share in your solitary Thoughts, and give me a place in your Heart, for as long a time as you have taken up in mine; What is it that could engage you, to leave so agreeable an Assembly to abandon your self to your Melancholy Thoughts? I can't well tell you,* reply'd Madam de Olone careless, *I am sometimes disturbed at any Company,* added she sighing; *All their Discon se this Evening at Court runs upon a certain Conjuror, who coming from the Country of the Sun, can by one's Physiognomy disclose all our most hidden Thoughts, and determine our Destinies, as if he were beyond a Mortal Man. A certain Astrologer, said the Count by way of Criticism, don't you know that the first of these Words is sure and infallible, but the second is very uncertain. I little trouble my head,* reply'd

the Countess with much indifferency, about the signification of Words, I will only tell you, Sir, continu'd this Fair Lady half angry, that I mortally hate all these Animals call'd Astrologers, who build Castles in the Air, and pull them down again at pleasure. And I, reply'd the Count coldly, love them dearly, because they sometimes disclose to us our Happiness: As for instance, if this God-like Man should tell me that I was lov'd by you, what a Satisfaction, what a Joy would not that be to me? How, Sir, reply'd the Countess, can't you rest contented with the Favours of the most Lovely Lady in the World, without envying another Man's Happiness, and betraying your Infidelity? The Count de Guiche finding himself alone with Madam de Olone, whom at that very instant he thought as handsom as an Angel by the Light of the Moon, instead of answering was going to embrace her, but she disengaging her self out of his Arms, told him, Pray answer me immediately, Do you always improve the first Opportunity? What would

would you have me tell you, O Incomparable Lady, cry'd he with a most Passionate Air, Love tyrannises over me on all sides. But tell me, Inconstant Man, continued the Countess with a Smile, have not you on your Knees, made a thousand Vows to the Dutcheſs of — — to Love her as long as you live, and to let no body else have a share in your Tenderneſs? No, Madam, ſaid the Count with a Bluſh, I am not ſo far advanced as you imagine. Ah! ſimple Man, cry'd the Counteſs burſting out a Laughing, he betrays himſelf, are not thoſe Perfidious Oaths, whereby you treacherous Men triumph over our Liberty, the firſt ſtep made by Lovers? Let us leave that Cauſe, Madam, reply'd the Count, the very Walls have Ears here; beſides that, this Lady is ſoon tired with an old Lover, and it is above a Year ſince I have made my Addreſſes to her, which met with no favourable Reception. Sir, you are a Man of Honour, ſaid the Counteſs with a malicious Smile, your Diſcretion deſerves to be rewarded by the Ladies, who can't beſtow their Favours upon

upon a more deserving Person than you. Then let me have some share in yours, reply'd the Count transported with Passion, and kissing her Hands, Permit me, Madam, said he, to Love you, and to tell you, that I do so, if you intend to make me happy. Alas ! Dear Count, return'd Madam de Olone, with a languishing Air, let us not talk of Loving, I tremble at the very Name of Love, being sensible how dearly I have paid for it, and what ——— And so do I, said the Duke de Candalles, interrupting them (having left the Room where they Danced, on purpose to see what was become of her) I thought it could be no less than a Nocturnal Affignation, that robb'd us of your Company; a very fine piece indeed, for a Vertuous Lady, continued he, to be catch'd singled from the Company with so discreet a Person that never brags of the Ladies Favours. But after all, unless you have a mind to be seen also by others, your best way is, to chuse a more solitary place, such a one as may be more suitable to your present Intentions. Unfortunate

fortunate Woman as I am, cry'd the Countess in a Surprize, I know not what secret Sentiments foreboded to me your unjust Jealousie, 'twas no more than an accidental Meeting, you make such a noise about : Great God, how unfortunate am I, to meet with nothing but what are my Enemies, where ever I come ! And so leaving the Duke and Count together in the Gallery, went into the Queen's Apartment, who ask'd her where she had been. *I have been,* said she to her Majesty, with a most respectful Air, *in one of the Galleries, to take a little fresh Air ;* and the Queen, who was one of the best natur'd Princesses in the World, made no farther enquiry into the Matter. The two Gentlemen, having given one another an account of their Adventures, laugh'd at the oddness of the thing, and so parted.

The Count *de Guiche* soon re-assuming his wonted serious Air and Sighs, placed himself behind the Dutchess of ——— Chair, and she who had not seen him since he was forced to get
away

away out of the Closet for fear of the King, soon perceiving him, and turning her self towards him with an Engaging Air, *Where have you been Count,* said she, *'tis some Years since I have not seen you.* Madam, reply'd the Count de Guiche with a profound respect, *I was afraid of being too troublesome. A weak reason indeed,* return'd the Dutchess of ——— *Come, tell me without dissembling the Matter, What is it that has fix'd these doleful melancholy Symptoms in your Eyes and Countenance?* The King happening to enter the Room at the same time, their Discourse and the whole Company broke off at the same time, and their Royal Highnesses return'd to the Palace Royal.

However, the Duke of O——s persisting in his Resolutions of asking the Astrologer at Court, told the Prince of Conde, who was to introduce him, that his Feminine Voice and Air would serve him in good stead, to pursue his design of erecting the Horoscope of some Ladies, but that he was at a stand

stand how to disguise his Face. *Don't trouble your self upon that Score, Dear Cousin,* said the Prince Laughing, *do you your best, and leave the rest to Chance.* The Duke approved of the Prince's Advice with a Smile, and so they went the same Day to St. Clou, where his Highness had prepared a magnificent Feast, with all manner of Diversions for the Entertainment of the Court. Night being come, and our pretended Astrologer having every thing in readiness for his Disguise, told the Company, That being troubled with the Head-ach, he would take an Hour or two's rest; and he being then in an ill Humour, every Body was glad to see him gone. He was no sooner gone into an adjacent room, but he put on his Disguising Apparel, being a large Robe of Blue Cloath embroidered with Suns, Moons and Stars, and a Turbant of various Colours upon his Head, with a long reddish curl'd Beard and a Glass Eye that cover'd all the remaining part of his Face, attended by the Duke of
Lon-

Longueville, who was no less disguised than himself : He wore a Gown and Vest of a Violet Colour, with great hanging Sleeves, after the *Turkish* Fashion ; a large Pearl fastned to the tip of his Nose, and he had false Ears as long as those of King *Midas*, and in his Hands a small Box containing Remedies against all Distempers. In this Equipage the Duke of O—s entred the Appartment where the Lords and Ladies were, and no sooner did the Prince of *Conde* get sight of the *Emperor of the Sun*, but he cry'd, the *God of Light* is appearing, and rising to meet him, conducted him to an Elbow-Chair, brought in for that purpose. Never was any Surprize like this, the whole Court gazing upon one another, without saying one word, and the Duke of O—s casting his most furious and daring Looks on all sides, muttered several unintelligible Words, sometimes lifting up a little his Glass Eye, and making many fantastical Signs with his Fingers The Dutcheß of ——— not a little fright-
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ed at this sight, ask'd the Prince of Conde, whether this Astrologer could speak *English* and *French*? Yes, yes, Madam, answer'd the Necromancer, making many wry Faces, *I am sufficiently acquainted with your Destiny, to let you know what you are desirous to be satisfy'd in. I should be very glad to hear that, Sir,* said the Princess, *is it possible you should be able to dive into the secret Destinies of Men?* Very Well, Madam, reply'd the Duke of O—s in a mild Tone, *I foretold Charles I. King of England, all his Misfortunes. Then you have been at London,* reply'd the Dutchess of ——— much surpriz'd, *How Old pray were you when you foretold this Prince his Misfortune? Alas! why would not you put him in the way to avoid them?* You ask me, Madam, *if I have been at London,* reply'd the Astrologer in a feign'd Surprize, *me, who am able to run the whole Circuit of the Earth in a Minute, and what Age I am off?* A fine Question indeed to an Emperor of the Sun, whose Subjects continue for ever in the same state of Youth;

Youth ; I was then of the same Age,
continu'd he, turning his Glass Eye
on both sides, I am now in. How,
Sir, said the Dutchess of ———
Laughing, are you not subject to Age
and its Infirmities, which puts an end
to even the most accomplish'd things in
this World. Madam, said the Duke of
O—s with an Austere Voice, I am
forbidden by the Stars, to enlarge my
self upon this Point, as well as to go
about to prevent those Evils mortal Men
are threatned with by the Planets.
Charles I. has fulfill'd the Scheme of
his Destiny, as other Mortals do, its
Decrees being irrevocable, and directed
by Providence. And Sir, reply'd the
Dutchess of ——— sighing, can you
cast my Nativity, by the permission of the
Stars ? I promise you, I will, Madam,
answer'd the disguised Duke with his
Eyes fix'd on the Ground, but it must
be done without Witnesses, and you must
put an entire Confidence in my Predicti-
ons. Supposing they should be fatal, Sir,
reply'd the Dutchess of ——— with
a melancholy Air, must I give absolute
Credit

Credit to them ? But be it as it will,
 continued she, *I will take Courage and*
lead the way. The Astrologer then be-
 ing conducted into a Closet, where
 several Lights were burning, the
 Dutchess of ——— follow'd him
 thither alone, not doubting but that
 she might trust her Person without
 the least hazard, with a Person of so
 advanced an Age. The first thing the
 Necromancer did, was to examine her
 Physiognomy ; which done, he told
 her with a mild Air, *Charming Lady,*
'tis not surprizing to see you dispute with
the Angels themselves for the Beauties
both of Mind and Body ; when I consi-
der with what a benign Influence the
Planets have blest your Nativity ; Ve-
nus being in Conjunction with Sol, who
is the Source of Light, has infused into
you his most precious and rarest Gifts ;
and the Moon, which is predominant
over the Passions of Women, is check'd
by Jupiter and Mars, who ——— Alas !
 Sir, said the Dutchess of ——— in-
 terrupting him, *pray speak to me in a*
more intelligible Language, that I may
be

be able to understand you, let us not trouble our selves with the Stars, but with the good and ill Accidents of my Life ; with those Passions that exercise their Dominion over the Hearts of Mankind. I must rightly examine your Constitution, which to all appearance is endued with all the Qualities requisite to render your Health compleat, and your Inclination very good. The Eyes, as a certain Great Author observes, are the Lookinglass of the Soul, for which reason, Nature has thought fit to place them in the uppermost part of Creatures, to serve as faithful Interpreters of what is in our Hearts. Most commonly Women that have Blue and Languishing Eyes, such as yours, have abundance of Wit and Good Nature, and also much Tenderneſs, and are scarce proof against the great Qualifications and Merits of a Lover. Fair and curl'd Hairs, are a sign that their Inclinations are Vertuous and for good Actions : A Fair and Vermillion Complexion, is the Herald who proclaims all the Indications of a perfect good Temper.

perature, and who animates our Vital Spirits by a sufficient share of Natural Heat. The Prince of Philosophers, as well as all the Physiognomists agree in this, That a round Nose discovers a certain Inclination to Pleasures and human Tenderneſs. O ! my moſt Admirable and almoſt Divine Man, cry'd the Dutcheſs of ——— interrupting him, is it in your Power to tell me ſomething concerning the true ſtate of my Heart ? Yes, Madam, reply'd he, drawing his Glaſs-Eye a little on one ſide, you are prepoſſeſs'd with a ſtrong Paſſion for a certain Gentleman, which makes you not to be very fond of that Spouſe Heaven has beſtow'd upon you ; but if you continue ſo to do, I foreſee by the Stars, ſome fatality that will attend both you and him who adores you. 'Tis enough, Sir, ſaid the Dutcheſs of ———, and ſo went out of the Cloſet, fearing leaſt he ſhould tell her more than ſhe was willing to hear, and returning to the Apartment where the Company was, told them, not without ſome diſturbance, O !
 what

what a skilful Necromancer! This stupendious Man very well deserves the Incenses offer'd him by all the World; he no sooner saw me, but knew part of my Inclinations; but what is more surprising, and even beyond what is well to be imagined, he knows the very Secrets of our Hearts, and dives into our most hidden Recesses, without the least difficulty.

The Count de Guiche, who had been always very eager to have his Fortune told him, but more especially since his Passion for the Dutchess of ——— little thinking that the Duke acted that Part, would needs be the next who should make tryal of this Astrologer's Skill. At the very first sight of him, he, with a fierce Countenance, *What is thy Business here, poor Mortal, said he, thy Air discovers thy Vanity, and thy large, black and lascivious Eyes, that thou art a very passionate Lover of handsom Women, but thou art inconstant, fickle, and without any real Passion for thy Friends. Venus and Mars stood in Conjunction*

at

at the time of thy Nativity, which af-
fords thee some small share of Bravery,
but I observe in thy Physiognomy, I know
not what ——— What you dare not
name, Sir, said the Count full of im-
patience, but go on to erect my Horo-
scope by the permission of the Stars
. . . Thou wilt perhaps not
be pleased with it, said the Astrologer,
with a grave Look stamping on the
Ground, and making a Circle on the
Floor ; Yes, yes, I shall, reply'd the
Count abruptly, your Sentences are no
Oracles, a Man is bound to receive
without reserve ; there is a Superior
Power that governs our Fortunes ; Know
then, ambitious Man, added the A-
strologer with a scornful Air, that I
am Emperor of that Deity, which de-
termines the Fate of Men, and the
Stars tell me, thou art threaten'd with
a great Danger, unless thou abandonest
that Beauty thou addresses. And who is
that Charming Lady, reply'd the Count
de Guiche much disturb'd, whom I a-
dore without knowing it ? 'Tis the
Dutchess of ——— said the Astro-
loger

longer smiling, reflect well upon thy past
 Conduct in that regard, and thou wilt
 be sensible of the Certainty of my Art.
 But dread my Son, dread the direful
 Consequences of so dangerous an Engage-
 ment, which will prove the Ruine of
 thy Fortune. The Duke of O—s
 was ready to burst with Laughing un-
 der his long red Beard, to have put
 the Count in such a Fright, for he
 had no kindness for him, because he
 would always be at the Dutcheffes
 Elbow, so he turn'd his Back to him,
 as if he had no more to say to him,
 but in effect, for fear of being dis-
 covered sooner than he designed.
 The Count went out of the Closet
 very much dissatisfy'd, and as pale
 as if he had been at the last Gasps,
 and returning to the Ladies, told
 them, That if all the Astrologers were
 as impudent as this Fellow, they would
 have but few Customers. This famous
 Necromancer has told me abundance of
 Stories, which I look upon no otherwise
 than Phantasms ; the old Fool, as far
 as I can see, hates Men like Monsters,

but

but Women are his Angels. Thou crafty Magician, continued the Count, biting his Lips, thou shouldest have some Female Minions to play withal. Pray what has he told you, Sir, cry'd Madam d' Olone, what is it that vexes you, you are like one in a Trance, and as much dejected as the Huguenot. He has told me, Madam, reply'd the Count very much disturb'd, a thousand things, which he put what Interpretation he thought fit upon, on purpose to vex me, being inform'd of them beforehand. I am heartily glad of it, reply'd the Countess Laughing, I will for once set aside my aversion to Conjurors, and hear what marvelous things this incomparable Man will tell me. Madam, return'd the Count merrily, have a care he does not rob you of some Favour, this Fiery Favourite of the Sun, has Eyes as Lascivious as a Satyr. What is it he can rob me of, reply'd the Countess coldly, I have no Jewels about me, and he has besides this but one Eye. There needs not so much of sight in those Amorous Robberies that are

committed upon such fair Ladies as you, because you know Love is blind. No, Count, I fear it not, answered Madam d' Olone briskly, you have only a mind to frighten me, I dare follow the Dutchess of ——— Footsteps. Do, do, my Dear, said the Dutchess, with a malicious Smile (being willing the other Ladies, as well as her self, should take their share in the Predictions of the Emperor of the Sun) he is the most knowing and honestest Man I ever heard speak, and he will tell what will surprize you. The Countess thus encouraged, went strait into the Conjurers Closet, by whom she was received in a most obliging manner. Draw near my Angel, said he, taking her by the hand, hear what the Stars have ordain'd to thy high Deserts, I have great News to tell thee concerning thy good Fortune. Good Sir, cry'd Madam d' Olone, quite Charm'd with his words, go on. I feel the bright shining lustre of your Eyes, that you are more than a Mortal Man. What great harm is it fair Child, said the pretend

ed Astrologer, if you love Pleasure to an excess, and if you are not very constant in Love, and impose upon your Lovers one after another, as well as upon your Husband, for when you provide a Crest of Horns perhaps sorely against his Will. Those that have round Faces, says Plato, in his Book of Physiognomy, are ingenious : Whence it is—— What makes you amuse me with such like Discourses ? Sir, said the Countess interrupting him, they are Riddles to me. How, Madam, reply'd the Astrologer, arising from his Seat, are you not sensible of what I tell you ? Good Heavens, is it not very true, that you have a great number of Persons whom you Love for different Reasons, without any regard to their Condition or Quality, provided—— you know what I mean. But after all, a very handsome Prince is in Love with you, beyond what you can imagine, and Jupiter in Conjunction with Venus takes care of your Fortune by his favourable Aspects, if you can make good use of these benign Influences the Stars pour out upon you.

you. I find, Sir, reply'd Madam d'Olone, looking stedfastly on him, you are all Life and Spirit; but pray tell me, if the Stars will give you leave, who is that Prince that loves me, whose Passion I am ignorant of hitherto. You to be ignorant of it, Madam, return'd the Astrologer with a Smile, Ha! ha! Come, come, don't act the Dissembler, why so much of Dissimulation? Most Charming Dear Man, said the Countess, let me not languish any longer in suspense. Well then, reply'd the Astrologer in a Serious Tone, 'tis the Duke of O——s, that aimable Adonis who looks upon you no otherwise than his Charming Venus. Pray Sir, don't jeer me, he is no Lover of Women. Alas! he, said the Countess Laughing aloud, would take care not to enter too far into an Intrigue with a Mistress. And what then is it, my Dear, reply'd he interrupting her, this Prince loves since he is not fond of Women, who are the Goddesses of the Earth, and the Delight of Men, for whom they were made by Nature. His Inclinations, answer'd

the Lady Smiling, are for his own kind,
 and are for gay Colours and Ribbons.
Hah! who has prepossess'd you with such
Notions, Madam, reply'd the Duke
 of O——s interrupting her, and en-
 deavouring to kiss her, pull'd of his
 Mask, telling her at the same time, he
 would improve this Critical Minute.
 The Countess astonish'd to meet with
 him under the Disguise of an Astro-
 loger, unto whom she had reveal'd
 her most hidden Thoughts, set up
 such a dreadful Cry, that some of the
 Court fearing no less than that the
 Necromancer was going to Ravish
 her, ran to her Assistance; But guess
 at their Surprize when they saw the
 Duke of O——s, and the Duke of
 Longueville, who had served him for
 a Companion, throwing aside their
 long Robes, and Laughing at the
 Folly of those they had so well im-
 posed upon. As for the Dutcheß of
 ——— whom he had entertain'd
 very obligingly, she had no great
 reason of Complaint; but the Count
 de Guiche and Madam d' Olone, being
 ex-

exposed to the daily Jests of their Acquaintance, unto whom this Astrologer unfolded all that was pass'd, were vex'd to the Heart at this unlucky Adventure. Some Days were spent in Indifference betwixt the Duke and the Countess, till he, who could not hate her, notwithstanding all the Hardships she had told him, gave her a Visit, and she appearing at that time more Beautiful than ever in his Eyes, in a certain green loose Gown, asked her Pardon for what he had made her suffer during their Astrological Conversation: But Madam *d' Olone*, who had a natural Aversion to Lovers of the Duke's Kidney, would not come to an Accommodation, tho he was not sparing of his Oaths, to Love her as long as he liv'd. *How can a Woman*, said she in an angry Tone, *rely upon your Promises, Sir, after having been treated by you in such a manner as I have been?* No, no, added the Lady, *all Men are Perfidious and Deceitful. If you knew* Madam, reply'd the Duke Laughing,

how

how much Pleasure I had in thus putting upon you, you would not be so angry as you are; because by this means I have made my self Master of some of your Secrets; but with all the Art I had, could not learn, whether your Inclinations were for me. Who I, cry'd the Countess seemingly angry, I, my Heart is unworthy your Conquest, and you once more put me to the Tryal for your Diversion. And do you believe in good earnest, reply'd the Duke, that my Passion for you is a Deceit, and that I am not for entring into a sincere Engagement with a Fair Lady? No, no, I can't believe it, said the Countess Laughing aloud, I have it from very good hands, that your Inclinations are more for what I dare not name, and for Dressing, than for an Assignment. Is it possible, you worst of Women, return'd the Duke with a disdainful Air, you should entertain such odious Thoughts of me? You lay to my Charge a thing unknown to me, and after all, refused me the same Favours you bestow every Day upon the meanest of your Gallants.

lants. I am no longer able to endure such provoking Words, reply'd Madam d Olone, making towards the Door, I am surpriz'd, that a Person who pretends to Galantry, should thus affront a Woman ; Adieu, I am gone. Whither will you go, Cruel Woman ? cry'd the Duke taking hold of her Gown and shutting the Door, I am resolved to revenge my self of all the Indignities you have offered me, and to make you pay full Interest for the whole. The Countess, who observed the Duke to be in a great ferment, either with Love or Anger, was afraid she should be obliged to grant him something, but soon found her self rid of her fear, for he went away without saying one word more, to the no small Surprize of the Lady, who used not to part with a Lover at so easie a rate. The want of respect and tenderness she had observed in that Duke for her Person, put her into a very ill Humour, and made her conceive a real hatred to him. In this Disposition was the Countess, when the Duke

Duke de Candalle, who retain'd still in fresh remembrance the Nocturnal Affignation he supposed she had given to the Count de Guiche at Versailles, came to reproach her with Infidelity ; but she resolving to prevent him, cry'd whilst yet at a distance, *How dare you come here, Sir, after having entertain'd such Thoughts of me ? Away, away, I am resolv'd never to see you again for my own repose. What signifies it, Madam, said the Duke sighing, to fall out with the Person one Loves ? Were you guilty of the highest Crime in the World, you would always meet with a favourable Construction in my Heart ; nothing being able to efface the Impression you have made there. You still continue in the same mistake, Sir, reply'd the Countess, and I find you can't free your self from the ill Opinion you have conceived of me, let me say what I will to shew you my Innocence and Constancy These Words being immediately succeeded by a Torrent of Tears, stop'd her Speech ; and the Duke who was ve-*

ry tender hearted, being unable to resist the Charms of a Person he so passionately loved, threw himself at her Feet, embraced them, and told her with much Passion, That Love and Jealousie are inseparable Companions, and that true Love can admit of no Partnership. *Alas, Sir,* reply'd she, *don't crack my Brains with such like premeditated Discourses, wherewith you think to ensnare me ; no, I am resolved to throw off your Fetters, and will never pardon that signal Affront you put upon me before the Count de Guiche, who must certainly take me for a strange Creature. Madam, be not disturbed,* said the Duke, endeavouring to embrace her, *I took care to explain the matter to him, and my Anger was of no long continuance. How importunate you are,* reply'd Madam d'Olone, with much Indifferency, *let me alone, withdraw from hence, and bid me farewell for ever. How, Cruel Ungrateful Woman,* said our dissatisfy'd Lover interrupting her, and pretending to be much more concern'd than actually

actually he was, *will you reduce me to
 Despair, and not afford me your Par-
 don ! I am ready to expiate my Fault
 before your Eyes, in spite of all you can
 do.* He had no sooner said those
 Words, but drawing his Sword with
 much eagerness, he was going to
 thrust the Point into his Bosom ;
 but alas ! Who is able to express the
 real Sentiments of the Countess at
 the sight of so violent and so fatal a
 Resolution, she cast her self betwixt
 her Lover's Sword and Body, she
 Kiss'd, she Caress'd him ; and at last,
 getting the Sword out of his Hands,
 remonstrated to him the heinousness
 of the Sin he intended to commit, in
 making attempt upon his own Life.
 The Duke, who was well acquainted
 with the Accomplishments of Gallan-
 try, and knew all the Roads leading
 to the Empire of Love, was much
 pleased with himself, for having so
 well succeeded in his design of find-
 ing out the Endearments of his Mi-
 stress, and to act his Part to the ut-
 most perfection, pretended not to
 hearken

hearken to her Councils, but to persist in his former Resolution. Madam d' Olone opposed him with all her might, crying to him, *My Dear, I pardon you a thousand times, whatever you have committed against me; Preserve a Life that is so precious to me, let us enjoy the Fruits rather of a delightful Peace, than see the dread of a terrible Death, which would rob us for ever of the Charms and Delights that attend Lovers: Alas!* continued the Countess casting a tender glance at him, and squeezing his Hands, *the very Idea of what you was going about, has something very dreadful and melancholy in it.* Then, Madam, reply'd the Duke, like one amazed and recovered out of a Swoon, *you would have me live, to love you the longer, and to be yours more than ever? Yes, my Dear Duke, reply'd she, having her Arms about his Neck, let us Love for ever, let no Quarrels disturb our Love for the future, Dissentions betwixt Lovers do not relish with me, a pleasing Union has much more*
Charms

Charms and Delights. I can't deny it, my Incomparable Lady, said the Duke de Candalle with a more contented Air, nevertheless it seems almost impossible, but that a certain mixture of Jealousie and Fear of losing the only Object of our desires will intervene, when we least think of it. It seems as if Love were attended by certain Vexations and Mischiefs which are unavoidable, like all things in this World have their allays of bitterness, which almost reduce us to Despair, and bring us to the brink of Ruine. The Countess by this time seeing her Gallant recovered from his Tragical Resolution, told him with a Smile, Pray Sir, tell me sincerely, were you actually resolved to die, or was it only a feign'd design to frighten and to draw a sincere Confession from me? My Resolution was for the first, my Dear, said the Duke, acting the sincere part to the Life, since you refused either to see or to hear me : What pleasure do you think, Madam, can a Man possess'd with a strong Passion find in the World, after being

ba-

banish'd his Mistresses Thoughts and Presence ? For my part I think there is no pain comparable to this, and therefore nothing but Sword or Dagger can deliver us from such insupportable Torments. As far as I can see, Duke, reply'd the Countess Laughing aloud, you love like the Heroes in the Romances, that is to say, you would share the same fate with the Unfortunate Pyramus, who kill'd himself, unless some charitable Thysbe, stops your Hand ; and who could see a Lover in such a furious Resolution, without opposing his Violence ? But without jesting, I am apt to believe, you acted the dead, rather the dying Man only in your imagination, as a certain Lover did, represented in a Picture on the top of a Mountain, with a pale Countenance in a languishing Condition, with the point of his Dagger towards his Breast, because his Mistress would see him no more than twice a Day, and had refused him certain Flowers she had wore in her Bosom. The Duke, whose Pain and Trouble was only in outward appearance

pearance, could not forbear Laughing outright, to see how naturally he had acted his part, whereat the Countess was so displeased, that she told him with an Air full of Anger and Indifferency, *Sir, you think perhaps I don't discern your Deportment, for a Person who pretends to make me sensible, that he owes me*

The Duke perceiving his charming Mistress discontented, thought fit to give her no further cause of Vexation, but on a sudden turning his Mirth into Sighs and Complaints, threw himself at her Feet, conjuring her by all the most tender Expressions that could be, to Love him for ever, and not to be disquieted at these insignificant Trifles, which Love, (who is a Child for ever) puts upon even the most reserved of his Subjects. The Countess overcome by the Arguments of her Lover made him sensible by an engaging Smile, that a Woman has but little strength to resist the Tenderness of him she Loves, and that her natural Inclinations

tions prompt her to pardon in him the worst of Faults, in spite of a thousand Reasons and all her Vertues, which oppose them and stand up in her defence. At last, these two illustrious Lovers, after so agreeable a Reconciliation, entertain'd one another with the most tender and most charming Words that can be supposed to proceed from two Hearts newly re-united, and the Countess touch'd to the quick by the Duke's Caresses, had a mind to push on the Conversation to a much higher and more agreeable Point, had her Lover improved his Opportunity on the spot, and had they not been disappointed by an unforeseen Accident. For while they were entertaining one another the Countess's Husband came home, along with the Marquis of . . . : . his intimate Friend ; with an intention to shew him his Lady's Picture that hung in her Closet, where the Duke and Countess were lock'd together at the same time ; no sooner heard they some
Body

Body at the Door, but the Countess, tho almost half dead with fear, ran that way, and *My dear Honey, my sweet Child*, said she to him, *pray make no noise, my little Bitch is Pupping and full of pain, she has not rested a Minute all this Night, and wants a little Sleep.* The Count fell a Laughing at the affectionate Air of his Lady for her *Jolley*, and to please her, went into another Room with the Marquiss, whither the Picture was brought to be viewed by them, whilst *Jolley* was in Labour; she had soon after three very fine Puppies, and the Duke took the first Opportunity of securing them. The Countess took care to have the Bitch with her Puppies carry'd into the Closet; which done, she left the Door open and going into the Room where her Husband and the Marquiss were walking together. *Well, Madam*, said the Count, perceiving his Lady to be in a good Humour, *how does Jolley do? Have you sent for a Midwife?* *My Lord*, reply'd she smiling, *there*

is

is no need for one, she has brought forth three charming Puppies. Poor little Creature, cry'd the Count d' Olone, Nature has taken care to deliver her of her Pain. The Count and his Friend spent some Hours at play, and in the mean while the Countess returning into her Closet, writ the following Letter to the Duke of Candalle.

' 'TIS impossible for me, dear
 ' Duke, to forbear Laughing
 ' at every turn, when I reflect upon
 ' the Method I made use of to im-
 ' pose upon my Good, Lovely and
 ' Credulous Spouse, who is the best
 ' qualify'd Husband for our Times,
 ' when handsome Women make it
 ' their Business to try their Husbands
 ' Goodness by their Conversation
 ' with others : Alas ! 'tis impossible
 ' to express my fear for you, when
 ' I saw the Count at the Closet-door,
 ' but thanks to Heaven, who so un-
 ' expectedly has delivered me from
 ' this danger, and upon the so ha-
 ' zardous an occasion, I am convin-
 ' ced

' ed, that Love protects and crowns
 ' my sincere Intentions in respect to
 ' you. Come then, my Dear, let us
 ' enjoy the Fruits of our good For-
 ' tune this Evening ; whilst my lit-
 ' tle Spouse is abroad, we will make
 ' our selves an amends for the delay
 ' he has given us ; and endeavour to
 ' encrease what we have grafted on
 ' his Head : Adieu, I expect your
 ' coming by the Light of the Moon,
 ' in my little Bed-Chamber, pray
 ' come without making the least
 ' noise ; My Woman *Ayme* will let
 ' you in, and take care to perswade
 ' the good Man, my Spouse, that I
 ' lie with the Marchioness of
 ' You may be sure I always am, &c.

The Duke of *Candalle*, who was
 not a little uneasie to know how
 things had been carry'd on at the
 Countesses since his Absence, was o-
 verjoy'd at the sight, and reading of
 this Letter, the Contents whereof be-
 ing very advantageous to him, he
 returned the following Answer.

Madam,

Madam,

' IF you were well pleased with
 ' the Game you play'd your Love-
 ' ly Spouse, I have no less reason to
 ' be satisfy'd, to see my self thus
 ' happily delivered of his unseasona-
 ' ble Presence. Certainly nothing
 ' can be more troublesome, than a
 ' Husband who interrupts the En-
 ' joyments; and by his presence di-
 ' sturbs the Assignations of Lovers.
 ' My Dear, I am a thousand times
 ' more taken with your Merits now,
 ' than ever I was before, and there-
 ' fore should almost run distracted, if
 ' this Night, whilst we are together,
 ' the good Man should come in, and
 ' break the edge of my Sword, which
 ' is not at all times ready for action;
 ' improve the Opportunity to the
 ' utmost, I will not fail to be at the
 ' appointed place; and in the mean
 ' while am a doing what you know,
 ' that is, I am preparing to receive
 ' your Commands, and to do my best
 ' to . . . and to give you
 ' full

‘ full satisfaction, for what I stand
 ‘ indebted to you, that I may have
 ‘ no Reproaches from you on that
 ‘ account : Adieu, Madam, you are
 ‘ too much concern’d in the Matter,
 ‘ to give me any Abatement.

‘Twas not long after the Delivery
 of the Letter, the Duke came and
 stay’d all Night with Madam *d’ Olone*,
 who about six a Clock the next
 Morning, disguised in a Gentleman’s
 Habit, came to the Marchioness of
 where having stay’d for
 some small time, she came home a-
 gain, and entertain’d the good Man,
 with a thousand little Stories, such
 as she thought most suitable to divert
 him from taking any insight into her
 Conduct.

The Duke of O — s, who had left
 her without taking his leave of her,
 came to give her another Visit the
 same Afternoon, their Conversation
 was full of Tenderness, but without
 coming to the Point, and her Hus-
 band being at home that Evening,

the

the Duke as he was returning to his Palace, met upon the Stair-case which leads to the Dutchess of — Lodgings the Count *de Guiche*, who in all probability descending from the Hill of *Parnassus*, was wrapt up in a Scarlet Cloak, and pass'd by close to the Duke without speaking one word, perhaps the Lovely God, who presided in that place, had enjoin'd him to Secrecie. The Duke who knew him, was so far exasperated at this bold and unaccountable Deportment of the Count, that the next day he made his Complaints thereof to the King, in such pressing and lively terms, that his Majesty could not forbear to compassionate his Case, and looking stedfast upon the young Duke, whom he knew to love the Dutchess his Spouse in a most passionate Manner, this Monarch told him with a free Air : *Sir, had you no Attendance along with you, when you met him, why did you not cause him to be thrown out of the Window ; Be at rest some time longer, if*
he

*he continues in his Impudence, I know
 how to rid my Hands of him, and how
 to teach him, what respect is due to a
 Person of your Rank. The Duke of
 O—s, who always abounds in fri-
 volous Arguments, teez'd the King
 for several Hours after, dwelling con-
 tinually upon the same Subject, till
 at last he told him with a Smile:
 Duke of O—s be satisfied with what I
 have promised you, I am sensible you
 most passionately Love your Spouse, you
 have given some proofs of it even to
 my self, before you Marry'd her, but
 you may be assured I will find a way to
 give you satisfaction, and remove your
 Enemies at a greater distance. 'Tis
 true, Sir, reply'd the Duke with a
 more assured Countenance, I have a
 thousand Observations to your Goodness,
 but you know there is no Love without
 some Intermixture of Jealousie. I know
 it very well, reply'd the King with a
 Smile, but be at rest, I will talk to the
 Dutchess if you think fit, and to the
 Mareschal de Grammont, to keep his
 Son at home, and provide him an A-
 musement*

musment suitable to his Inclinations, or else I will send him in the Quality of my Envoy into Poland, to Compliment that King upon his Accession to the Throne. This last Expedient, Sir, said the Duke smiling, is the best of all, but knowing you to bare a great Respect to the Marshal his Father, you will be very unwilling to persist in that Resolution. Not so much as you think for, with an engaging Air, when it is to do you service, to stop at nothing; and were it not that I am unwilling to have so nice a matter to make a noise in the World, and what I am apt to believe, the Dutchesse's Complaisance for this bold Fellow not to have exceeded the limits of Indifferency, I would soon give you very convincing Proofs of it.

The Duke of O—s appear'd well satisfy'd with what the King had told him, who conducted him into the Queen's Apartment, where the Dutchesse was then playing at Cards with several other Ladies. Madam de Montespan no sooner saw the Duke of O—s come into the Room, but she

told

told him with a very pleasant Air, Sir, *You must come in with us, because whenever you are not on my side, I am sure to lose, one would almost believe you playd booty to let me win. I am ready to joyn with the Company,* reply'd the Duke, with a very Complaisant Air, *there is a great deal of Pleasure and Satisfaction in playing with such Fair Ladies as you are.*

Whilst they were taken up at Cards, the King went out of the Room to Visit Madam La Valiere, who was then very Ill. This Monarch would sit a whole Day together at her Bedside, to give her reiterated assurances of the Force of his Love, and Ardour of his Passion; never was there a more strict Union, or so well cemented a Passion seen betwixt Lovers.

The Count de Guiche, who durst not appear at Court ever since his meeting the Duke of O — s upon the Stair-case, was almost reduced to Despair, the only thing that afforded him some Consolations, was, when

D

he

he found the Duke of O—s to make his Addresſes to the Marchionefs of *Montespan* ; this made him tell one of his Friends, who brought him the firſt News of it : *If I could but once ſee him enter into an Intrigue with a Lady, I am a happy Man ; when he is once engaged in an Amorous Amuſement, he will have no leiſure to think of interrupting my Satisfaction by his Preſence. Alas, Sir, reply'd his Friend, you are not ſo ſecure of this Good Fortune, as you imagine. I am too well acquainted with his Temper, he never is in earneſt with Ladies, he loves only to act the Lover in outward ſhew, and to be reputed a Man of Gallantry, and what are the Ladies much the better for that ? You are altogether in the right of it, Sir, reply'd the Count with a ſerious Air, 'tis a hard matter to find out his Temper and Inclinations. Not ſo hard neither as you thing for, ſaid the Chevalier with a Smile, firſt of all, he is Jealous without Love, can keep a Secret, and ſays little, full of Suspicion and a great Diſſembler, and you know what*
elſe.

else. Yes, I understand your meaning,
 Sir, answered the Count, and besides
 this, he never pardons a Fault. I am
 quite lost in his Favour, since our meet-
 ing upon the Stair-case. You used to
 be very intimate together, return'd the
 Chevalier, this was a sudden Rupture,
 and perhaps he has forgot it by this time.
 O, Sir, I find you are but little ac-
 quainted with his Humour, said the
 angry Count interrupting him, he
 has the best Memory of any Man li-
 ving, especially if he bear a Grudge to
 any Body, he takes a particular Plea-
 sure in not forgetting the least thing in
 the World. The Dutches of ———
 unto whom I am not altogether indiffe-
 rent, has told me so a thousand times.
 A Propos to the Dutches, my dear
 Friend, reply'd the Chevalier with
 much eagerness, I think you are the
 happiest Man in the World, to stand so
 well in the Heart and Opinion of so
 Charming a Lady, so Adorable so Ami-
 able a Person, I can never look at her
 without sighing; she has a certain enga-
 ging Air, which challenges and van-

quishes the Hearts of all such as see her ;
 but alas ! This is a dangerous and slip-
 pery Path to venture upon. I am too
 sensible of it, my dear Friend, answer-
 ed the Count de Guiche with a deep
 Sigh, but if it should cost me my Life,
 I will not retreat, my Flame is too pure
 ever to suffer me to repent of it ; let
 worst come to the worst, I can but spoil
 my Fortune, continued he rubbing his
 Forehead, and, after all, some certain
 Charming Eyes flatter me at every turn,
 that I shall continue for ever in the same
 happy State. Don't put too much Con-
 fidence, Sir, in such Chimerical and
 deceitful Notions, added the Cheva-
 lier, Fortune and Love are very fickle
 and inconstant, the best way to secure
 your Repose, will be to leave off an In-
 trigue, the Consequences whereof will be
 fatal to your Fortune. Hah ! Sir, what
 would the Dutchesse say, reply'd the
 Count much surpriz'd, in case I should
 take your advice ; hah ! dear Friend ?
 And what will the Duke and the whole
 Court say, reply'd the Chevalier, when-
 ever these Gallantries are discovered ?
 Avoid,

Avoid, as I told you before, an Engagement attended with so much danger. I know not what I had best to do, reply'd the Count in a melancholy Tone, 'tis too late to retreat, but I will endeavour to carry on matters with as much Circumspection as possibly I can : Adieu, I must leave you. Oh ! Count, cry'd the Chevalier shaking him by the Hand, Lewis the Great has too many Argos's in his Palace, 'tis impossible to deceive him. Let us not dwell any longer upon that Subject, said the Count, let us go to the Opera, I hear Mariamne is to sing divers very tender Airs to day. Yes, yes, Sir, answered the Chevalier laughing aloud, that hits you exactly, you want nothing to fortifie your Amorous Inquietudes, and so they parted.

The Duke of O—s after Play was done at Court, went to Madam d'Olone's House disguised like a Pedlar or ambulatory Shopkeeper, lately come from England, who had some very fine Ribons and Laces to sell. The Countess, who little dream'd of

such a disguise, accosted him like what he appear'd to be, and among other things, bought a great many Yards of Yellow Ribbons, which Henry, the pretended Pedlar said, were the finest and best he had, and that the Duke of O——s had bought some of the same Piece. *How*, said the Countess interrupting him, *were you admitted into his Pallace?* Yes, *Madam*, reply'd the Pedlar very confidently, *I was ordered to come thither.* *That is very much*, reply'd the Lady, *but let me see some of your finest Laces for a Head-dress.* I envy the future happiness of my Laces, *Madam*, reply'd Henry sighing, *here, are the very best.* Truly, return'd *Madam d' Olone*, without taking notice of his words, *they are very fine, how do you sell them Friend?* I shall put no Price upon them to you, *Madam*, said the Pedlar with a most passionate and obliging Air, *provided you . . .* What dost thou mean by this Friend? added the Fair Lady laughing, I mean, my Adorable Countess, that if
you

you will I owe me, you shall have them for nothing. Certainly, said the Countess with a scornful Air, this Fellow is Mad, and fit for Bedlam. Alas! Madam, cry'd poor Henry, kissing her Hand most passionately, don't treat me ill, were you sensible what I suffer for you, you would pity me. Madam d' Olone then casting her Eyes fully upon him, knew him to be the Duke of O—s, What is your meaning, Sir, said she much surprized, thus to impose upon me? You may well be call'd Protheus, who appears in all manner of Shapes; I think this Disguise becomes you as well as the former. What would you have me do, reply'd the Duke, discovering himself, and acting the disturbed and imaginary Lover. When one is ready to die for Love, you seem to try every thing to please you, and to find the way to your Do you think, Sir, reply'd she with a Gallant Air, to find the way you look'd for, by disguising your self like a Pedlar? No, no, you are mistaken; this Dress does not very

well become you, the Path to ~~my~~ Heart is not so easie to be traced, it must be something that comes in a much greater Lustre to shew the way to it. But after all, said the Duke, could not you accept of such a Man's Heart as I am, and of his portable Shop together? The Countess, who had a great mind to the Ribbons and Laces the Duke had shew'd her, cry'd out Yes, two or three times. So the Duke presented her with his whole Shop, which she freely accepted of, and pay'd for it with the Coin of the Court, that is, without disbursting one Farthing; and the Duke being much prepossess'd with her Beauty, thought after all, he had a good Market of it.

The next Day the Count *de Guiche* having been taken up for some time with the Thoughts upon what his Friend had advis'd him, came to pay his Respects to the Dutches of ——— whom he found by good chance attended by one other Lady, who withdrew as soon as the Count came

came in. The Dutches no sooner cast her Eyes upon her Favourite, but finding a considerable alteration in his Countenance, she ask'd him the reason of it, with a great deal of Compassion and Tenderneſs: Whereupon the Count, without the leaſt diſguiſing the matter, confeſs'd his Fears and the Apprehenſion he was under. *What a frail Man are you Count,* ſaid ſhe looking ſtedfaſtly on him, *what occaſion have you to fear, as long as you are belov'd by me?* 'Tis true, Madam; reply'd the Count de Guiche quite tranſported, *that being under the Protection of ſo Illuſtrious a Lady as you are, I ought to expect all the Favours that Fortune can beſtow upon me, and a pleaſing Repoſe; but moſt Divine and Admirable Lady, pardon the fearful Sentiments, which ſeem ſo contrary to your Generoſity and the Grandure of Soul; a poor Mortal who is ſo fortunate to be belov'd by you, conceives ſo high an Opinion of his good Fortune, that it ſurpaſſes even his own Knowledge, and makes him always dread the loſs of*

it; and being continually tormented
 with these Thoughts, he is always Un-
 fortunate. And pray Count, reply'd
 the Dutchess in a very obliging
 manner, *what is to be done to settle
 your good Fortune, and render you less
 Unfortunate?* I am not able to tell,
my Incomparable Lady, reply'd the
 Count kissing her Hand, *my Destiny
 is at your Disposal, and 'tis in your
 Power to Say no more,*
 Count, interrupting him with a smile,
*you are a Fool with all your Rhetorick,
 Figures and Hyperbolical Expressions.*
I am very willing to own it, Madam,
 said the Count in a most respectful
 manner, *I am almost reduced to despair,*
that I should discover you my Passion
in such rough and vulgar Language, but
was not able to pitch upon any other,
tho I have studied the Language of the
God of Love, and perused the most po-
lite and tender parts of it for a consi-
derable time. O Count, added the
 Dutchess with a Charming Voice,
I am not ignorant, that true Love is not
the most Eloquent, nor versed in the
 Rules

Rules of Oratory, it commonly discovers its strength and sincerity in disorderly Words, and a Man who is truly in Love, makes the oddest Figure that can be, before the Person who has engaged his Heart ; it seems, as if his Passion renders him fearful, bashful, and if I may say so, were not very agreeable at certain intervals. The Count de Guiche, who had taken particular notice, how nicely the Dutchess had drawn his Picture, answered her only by a very deep Sigh, which set her a Laughing for some time. At last, she told him in a most obliging manner ; Count, consider what is to be done, that I may have the Satisfaction to see you every Day ; I expect a certain Young Lady out of England, who is to be one of my Ladies, and who, as I am told, is very like you ; no Body knows her at this Court, so I will privately send her word she must not come as yet, because I am provided already at this time : In the mean while you shall disguise yourself in the same Apparel intended for her,

her, and so pass for my Maid, and act her Part. The Count, tho he took no small satisfaction in what he heard the Dutchess propose to him, yet could not forbear, with all the Symptoms of Melancholy in his Face, to represent the dangers and hazards that were likely to attend such a Disguise; however he accepted the Offer, cost what it would, and so took his Leave of her for that time.

Some Days after the Count having taken his Leave of the Court, under pretence of an intended Voyage, put on his Womans Apparel, which suited him to a Miracle, especially when he was in a loose Dress, wherein his Mistress much delighted to see him, and it was taken notice of at Court, that the *English* Lady was in extraordinary Esteem with the Dutchess. The Count, who understood *English* very well, tasted a thousand Pleasures not to be express'd by those who were never in Love and beloved; having the satisfacti-
on

on to entertain, at all Hours, the handsomest and most amiable of all Women living. His Happiness continued thus for about a Month, but as even the most perfect of all his near Affairs draw to a Period, so his Felicity was overturn'd by an unforeseen Accident. Mrs. *Degine*, this was the Name the Count had taken, being to attend at her Levy, and the Duke happening to be there, took particular notice of a Head-dress, which became her very well, at last fixing his Eyes on her, whilst she cast hers down to the Ground, out of a pretended Modesty, the Duke, who is naturally mistrustful, told his Spouse, That this young Lady was so like the Count *d' Guiche*, that he believed her to be his Sister : He had no sooner said these words, but he began to play with her, and under that pretence put his Hand into her Bosom. The Count counterfeiting the Maid, according to his Mistress's Command, Blush'd, not so much out of Modesty, as out of fear of being

being discovered ; and the Duke, who was ignorant of the true cause of it, pursued his Game, and told her merrily ; *Don't Blush, Fair Maid, 'tis only Curiosity that makes me desirous to be satisfy'd in a thing I have heard them tell me for a certain Truth, viz. That the English Ladies are well provided with Bubbies, and I find no such thing by you.* The Dutchess, who was not well pleased with his Courtship, gave him to understand, that she could not see such like Actions in her Presence, which made him leave the Room. He was no sooner gone, but the Count seeing himself at liberty to talk to the Dutchess, told her with a very pensive and melancholy Air ; *Madam, I am lost for ever should the Duke discover me under this Disguise. I am almost distracted with the Thoughts of it, my dear Count,* reply'd she with a Sigh, *I find Envy will not suffer me to enjoy the Satisfaction I take in your Company, and that even the most innocent Pleasures in the World, must serve to disturb my Repose ;*

pose ; who could have imagined, that the Duke's Mistrust and Curiosity would have reach'd so far, as to think in the least of it ? Alas ! Madam, cry'd the Count with a very passionate Air, my Happiness was too great, and too much subject to Envy, to continue for any long time ; such Charming Pleasures as these are seldom attended with Tranquillity. I must confess it, Count, reply'd the Dutches, with a Languishing Air, the highest Felicities are never without an allay of Troubles and Vexation : But, continued she with a Tender Air, I don't repent of what I have done ; let us carry on this Adventure as far as it will bear, and leave the rest to the Favour and Conduct of Love. Ah ! most Divine Lady, reply'd the Count de Guiche trembling and throwing himself at her Feet, is there any Felicity like mine ? No, cry'd he, embracing them, all the pretended Enjoyments of the World, are nothing but Chimerical Notions in comparison to mine The Count was in such a Rapture, that he could say no more, which being

very well observed by the Dutcheſs, ſhe was moved with Compaſſion, and would doubtleſs have lent him a helping hand, had not the Counteſs *de Soifons* happened to come in, which made Mrs. *Degine* reaſſume her ſerious Countenance and to retire into the Dutcheſſes Cloſet, under pretence of looking for ſomething ſhe had left there, whiſt the Dutcheſs advanced towards the Counteſs with a merry Air, ſinging theſe Words: *Oh! how ſweet are theſe hidden Pleaſures, to two Hearts entirely united. Are you ſenſible, as well as my ſelf, Madam,* ſaid the Counteſs ſmiling, *that Love managed in private, is a thouſand times more charming, than when it makes a noiſe in the World.* I can't tell that, my Dear, reply'd the Dutcheſs diſſembling her real Sentiments, *they are Words I once heard in an Opera, which run in my Head, becauſe I think them very pleaſant.* Their Diſcourſe run ſoon after upon divers other Points, and the Viſit being not very long,

the

the Dutchess went into the Closet, where she entertain'd her Favourite with abundance of Freedom and Caresses, treating him no otherwise than if she had been of her own Sex, and telling him in a most engaging manner: *I wonder what this Woman wanted, to come here to disturb our Diversions, she is one of those that must be every where, where her Company is not much desired.* The Count who saw himself caress'd with such an Excess of Tenderneſs, return'd no Answer, dreading the Consequence, and that his Satisfaction would be of no longer Continuance; and the Dutchess guessing at the cause of his Silence, told him with a Smile; *How, fair Minerva, are you so busie as not to speak one word? Would it please Heavens, Madam, cry'd the Count quite transported, I was Master of the Talent belonging to that Goddess, I would transform my self in what shape I thought most favourable to my Love, and consequently would make my self the most happy Mortal on Earth. Could*
you

you, Count, reply'd the Dutchess,
 borrow that Cloud wherein this Daugh-
 ter of Jupiter saved Ulysses from the
 Persecutions of a Nymph who kept him
 shut up in her Grotto for fear of losing
 him, you would have opportunity enough
 to deceive abundance of mistrustful Per-
 sons, and especially the Duke. Madam,
 said the Count not without some
 heat, when he might search at Plea-
 sure, he would grasp at a Shadow only.
 But after all, my Dear, reply'd the
 Dutchess Laughing aloud, I would
 not have you dwell always in a Cloud,
 Love is for more substantial things.
 That is true, adorable Lady, reply'd
 the Count with a passionate Air, but
 had I the Power of taking what shape I
 please, I would often transform my self
 into a Golden Rain, or some such
 like thing. Alas! added the Dutchess
 with a Sigh, why don't we live in that
 happy Age, when The
 Duke coming in, but overhearing
 only these last words, without being
 able to guess at the rest of what had
 been talk'd betwixt them, continued
 their

their Discourse with a malicious Air;
*when People liv'd in Tranquility and
 without Inquietudes. You are in the
 right of it, Sir,* reply'd the Dutcheſs,
 ariſing from her Seat, and ordering
 Mrs, *Degine*, with a very ſerious Air,
 to take care to have ſomething alter-
 ed in her *Toilet*.

Dinner being over, the Duke was
 very uneaſie to know what was be-
 come of the Count *de Guiche*, went
 to *Versailles*, where he conſulted with
 the King and ſome great Lords of the
 Court about it, but could learn no-
 thing that was ſatisfactory among
 them. For, tho' this Prince was o-
 verjoy'd at his Abſence, nevertheleſs
 he could not forbear making his
 Enquiry after him, moved by a cer-
 tain Curioſity, which is natural to
 him. But not being able to hear any
 certain Account of him, and meeting
 with the Marſhal *de Grammont*, juſt as
 he was coming out of his Majesties
 Cloſet, he ask'd him concerning his
 Son, who answer'd him in a melan-
 choly Tone, That his Son had con-
 ceal'd

ceal'd his Voyage from him, so that he did not know what Course he had taken. *'Tis likely,* reply'd the Duke smiling, *this Gallant Cavalier thought it best to be beforehand with the Court, who designed to send him to*

. . . . The Marshal, who very well understood the Duke's meaning, thought fit to dissemble the matter, and therefore you are, said he, doubtless better acquainted with the Mystery than myself: I am ignorant in most of my Sons Affairs, and willing, as far as in me lies, not to be troubled with them. You are in the right of it, reply'd the Duke with a smile, a Person of the Count de Guiche's Character, often carries Matters beyond what he thinks of, nay, even beyond what he ought to do. What can I do in such a case, says the Marshal much vex'd, I hope you will have so much Goodness, Sir, as to excuse his Faults, and that want of Respect he has been guilty of towards your Person. Yes, Marshal, reply'd the Duke as he was going away, I will excuse and pardon every thing for
your

your sake; but if he is forgetful of what he owes me, he must not expect either to make his Fortune through my Means, or hope for any other Favours from me. The Marshal *de Grammont* had no sooner parted from the Duke but he went to one whom he knew to be his Sons Confident, and related to him what had pass'd betwixt the Duke and him, and entreating him to let him know where he was, because he intended to write to him concerning some Matters of the last Consequence : But the Marquess of who was acquainted with every step the Count *de Guiche* made in all his Affairs, would notwithstanding all the Earnest Intreaties of the Marshal, not tell him one word of his Concerns, but so soon as he was gone, took care to write the following Lines to the Count his Friend.

'Tis

' **T** IS not till now, Sir, I am
 ' told, to my Grief, by your
 ' Father, that the Duke of O—s
 ' is very uneasie to know what is
 ' become of you. 'Tis time, believe
 ' me, to put an end to the Part you
 ' are now acting : The Scene has
 ' been too long to hold out any lon-
 ' ger ; on the other hand the Danger
 ' is too great, if your Disguise should
 ' be known, you know it is so as
 ' well as my self. But what shall I
 ' say, dear Friend, you are (as it is
 ' easie to guess it can be no other-
 ' wise) so far intoxicated with those
 ' Pleasures you meet with in the
 ' Company of the most adorable
 ' Lady of the whole World, that
 ' you little think of those Misfor-
 ' tunes which must inevitably befall
 ' you, unless you take immediate
 ' care of, and reflect seriously on your
 ' present Condition ; having Sworn
 ' an inviolable and constant Friend-
 ' ship to you, 'tis that that has obli-
 ' ged me to put Pen to Paper, to
 ' to

‘ to forewarn you of the danger,
 ‘ and to tell you, that I pity any
 ‘ Body that is thus by the Snares of
 ‘ Love drawn to the very Brink of
 ‘ so high a Precipice : But, perhaps
 ‘ you will tell me, this Advice is di-
 ‘ rectly opposite to your Satisfaction,
 ‘ and that I being Blind my self,
 ‘ pretend to Lead another Blind Man,
 ‘ and that unless Fortune thinks fit
 ‘ to favour us, we shall be, both in
 ‘ the same degree : I am very sensible
 ‘ what you are able to tell me on
 ‘ that Head, but I beseech you, be-
 ‘ fore you do it to consider what a
 ‘ vast difference there is betwixt the
 ‘ Dutchess of and the
 ‘ Countess of So con-
 ‘ cluding my Letter, I remain,

Sir,

Your much Affectionate Servant.

The

The Count, who happened to be alone when this Letter was delivered to him, was ready to die for Vexation, when he perceived his sinister Destiny to croud upon him on all sides : *Alas !* said he to himself in a most doleful Posture ; *must I for ever abandon the Charms and Enjoyments of my Life ?* No, 'tis impossible, continued he, *unless it be with the Loss of my Life, which would be very indifferent to me without the enjoyment of the same Felicity : But alas !* I talk at random, and was not born for the possession of such precious Things ; I must take leave of my Charming Mistress, who has at all times given me such signal Proofs of her Goodness, that I find my self too weak by far to put in execution so weak a Resolution, and so opposite to my Repose. O ! Love, who hast kindled so bright a Flame, which has almost consumed me, pray afford me strength to support. But I lose all my Senses in the very Idea of this fatal Parting ; nothing is able to afford me

any

any Consolation for so great a Loss ;
 But what is to be done ? I had better
 part with this Incomparable Lady for
 some time, than be for ever debarr'd
 from seeing her. The Count was still
 busied in talking thus, when the
 Dutchess of ——— who had
 been abroad a visiting with the
 Countess of Soisons, and some La-
 dies, entered the Room alone, and
 finding the Count quite buried in his
 Complaints, she drew nearer, and
 told him with a Smile, *What is the
 matter, dear Mrs Degine ? You seem
 to be quite dejected, and do nothing
 but sigh. O Heavens ! Madam, can
 you ask what is the matter, after that
 fatal Order I am forced to obey, to be
 separated from you, most Divine Lady,
 is not that enough to make me die a
 thousand Deaths ? Nay, 'tis certain,
 this fatal stroak will cost me my Life.*
 The Count could not pronounce
 these words without shedding some
 Tears, which being very precious to
 the Dutchess, she ask'd him in a most
 tender manner, Whether he had
 E heard

heard any other ill Tidings, and what made him give way thus to his Passion. The Count was not in a condition to say one word, his Sobs and Sighs had stop'd the free Course of his Voice ; which the Dutchess perceiving, told him with a very passionate Air ; *What means this Silence, my dear Count ? Alas ! I am as much afflicted as your self when I think of our cruel separation ; but take Comfort, this shall not be, till there is no further Remedy against it.* Madam, reply'd he with a melancholy Air, *you know that great Afflictions are speechless, whereas indifferent ones make a great noise ; the Duke leaves no Stone unturn'd to know what is become of me : A certain Friend of mine has given me notice of it, and if I should be found out, I am undone for ever : And so am I Count,* reply'd the Dutchess full of Sadness, *but can the Duke carry his Mistrust so far, as to imagine that you are here under the Disguise of a Young Lady ? Nothing more certain, Madam,* said the Count de Guiche, shewing her

her the Letter that was sent him :
*This is what the most faithful of all
 my Friends writes to me. And who
 is this Friend, Count ?* reply'd the
 Dutchess looking on him stedfastly,
 and having perus'd the Letter, *Don't
 dissemble with me,* said she, *I dare en-
 gage it is your sincere Confident De-
 ward ?* No, Madam, 'tis the Mar-
 quiss of who loves me as
 dear as his own Brother, and who would
 run distracted, should any misfortune
 befall me: Ob ! I know him, my Dear,
 answered she, he is a Man of Honour,
 and is Master of a vast share of Sense ;
 we must then be forced to follow his
 Advice, to part, which can't be done
 without an infinite deal of trouble and
 pain on either side ; but we must give
 way to necessity, without any further
 Consideration ; that so we may hope to
 enjoy the Satisfaction of seeing one ano-
 ther again. At last it was agreed,
 that Mrs. Degrine should go back into
 England, under pretence of want of
 Health, and that the Air of France
 was not agreeable to her Constituti-

on ; and that afterwards the Count should appear again at Court, pretending he had taken a Tour to some of the most remote Provinces. This was done accordingly some Weeks after, scarce any Body suspecting the matter, except very few who got scent of all the chief Circumstances relating to this Affair.

The Duke of O——s being now somewhat eased of his Jealousie, thought of nothing else but how to divert himself, went two or three Days successively to the Play : The fourth Day, when the whole Court was there present, he got upon the Stage, and told the Comedians, that he would be one of the Actors that Day, which they easily consented to ; they happened in this Play to divert the Company with an Entry composed of disguised Lovers ; wherein the Duke of O——s represented the Part of a disguised Shepherdess, courted by a good number of Rural Cupids, whilst her Shepherd was in search after her in a solitary Wood :

Wood: The Count *de Guiche*, who was at the Play-house, Blush'd several times whilst they were a dancing, fearing lest some Body or other had found out, what a Part he had acted of late at Court. The Play being done, the Duke of O—s, who was very desirous to hear the Approbation of the Court concerning the Rural Deportment of the Sphepherdess, began the Discourse, and ask'd every one his Opinion. Truly, said the King Laughing, *the Shepherdess seem'd to me agreeable enough, tho all Ornaments they had were nothing but Flowers; but after all, I liked best of all her Country like ways when her Lover came to her, and she frankly and sincerely told him, she had loved him before she had known him, relying upon the account she had received from one of her Companions, of his singular Merits, before all the other Shepherds of the Village. And for my part, said the Dutchess of ——— coldly, I was much pleased with the Shepherds most tender Declaration to his Mistress, and with his*

Country like Expressions ; he call'd the Meadows and Woods a thousand times to be Witnesses of his Oaths, and with these Savage Lovers, who writ their Names on the Barks of Trees, and best of all with that ugly Satyr, who lay conceal'd in a hollow Tree to observe their Courtship ; I had not easily laugh'd so much as I did, when I saw this Satyr burst out into most dreadful Cries, so soon as he observed Damon to take his Mistress by the Hand, and to kiss it most tenderly. That old jealous horned Beast, reply'd the Duke smiling, could not be an Eye Witness of these innocent Pleasures, without being envious at them. There are many others, continued the Dutchess Laughing, of the same Opinion, tho they are no Satyrs, unless it be by their Heads : To put a mark upon them, they ought to bear the Weapons of that Creature. Alas ! reply'd the King with a malicious Smile, there are enough of those that wear them without knowing it. The Conversation had not ended here, but that Supper was served up, after

after which they went to Play till pretty late in the Night.

The Dutchess of ——— who was fal'n into a very deep Melancholy ever since the Count de *Guiche* had left off his Female Apparel, went home pretty early, being scarce able to dispense with any Merry Company. The Count, on his side, was not in a better condition; for after having tasted the Charms and Ravishments of Love, he call'd to his Remembrance, without intermission, the Pleasures he had lost by his Absence, and that nothing in the World was comparable to the Presence of his incomparable Dutchess: These languishing and doleful Reflections reduced him to so low a state, that he wax'd Ill, and was almost insupportable in Company: His ordinary place of Retirement was in the Wood of *Vincennes*, where he spent the greatest part of his time in ruminating upon his Misfortune. One Day when the Dutchess of ——— was taking the Air, in the Company of

the Countess of *Soissons* near the said Wood, they espy'd at a distance a certain Person well attired, lying upon the Grass near a small Brook, uttering most dreadful Complaints. Women being naturally inclin'd to Curiosity, they ordered the Coachman to drive that way, and the Countess soon knowing him to be the Count *de Guiche*, cry'd out aloud so as to frighten the Dutchess of

——— *Oh! What is the matter with you, Countess,* said the Dutchess, *are you frightned at a Gentleman. O! Madam,* reply'd my Lady *Soissons*, somewhat surpriz'd, *'tis the Count de Guiche, whom we heard to utter those Sighs and Complaints. Alas! my dear,* answered the Dutchess with some Emotion, *what fatal Accident has befalln him? Come let us go near, I beseech you.* The Ladies alighting out of the Coach, went to the place where they saw this afflicted Lover, who being amazed at the sight of the Object of his Vows, heard her say to him smiling; *What do you*
here,

Count, your Thoughts carry you to very remote places. The Gentleman, who very well understood the Dutcheſſes meaning, aroſe and paid his Reſpects to her, in the moſt languiſhing manner in the World: My Inquietudes, ſaid he, Madam, draw me hither in ſpite of my ſelf, and triumph over my weakneſs. I find Count, reply'd the Dutcheſs Laughing, you are fal'n in Love with ſome Nymph or other of this Wood, who doubtleſs has given you a tender Aſſignation in this delightful place. Alas! Madam, ſaid the Count, caſting a tender Look at her, and fetching ſeveral deep Sighs, Did you but know how indifferent all Aſſignations are to me, ever ſince . . . I underſtand your meaning, Sir, ſaid the Dutcheſs interrupting him, for fear leaſt he ſhould ſay more than he ought to do before the Counteſs, who was very well verſed in the Game of Love, come into our Coach to divert your Splenatick Thoughts; the Air of this Wood is accounted very whoſome for Languiſhing Lovers, ſuch

as you are at this time. The Count
 being ready to obey, took several
 Turns with them in the Coach, and
 the next day paid a Visit to the
 Dutcheſs at her Palace ; ſhe being
 then engaged in Company, the Count
 retired into one of the moſt remote
 Corners of the Room, to amuſe him-
 ſelf in composing ſome Verſes, till
 the Company were gone. Every mo-
 ment ſeem'd no leſs than a Year to
 him, but at laſt ſeeing his admired
 Lady alone, he haſtned to meet her,
 and ſhe conducted him into her Clo-
 ſet, where they were together for
 two hours, and as 'tis ſuppoſed, did
 not ſpend all their time in trifling
 Diſcourſes. The Duke then hap-
 pening to come to the Cloſet Door,
 and his Spouſe not knowing what to
 do at ſo unexpected an Exigency of
 Affairs, put her Lover into a Ward-
 robe, and putting the Key into her
 Pocket, went to open the Door to
 the Duke, who with a merry Coun-
 tenance told her, *Madam, you are in-*
ited to a moſt magnificent Feaſt, the
King

King is to give this Evening, and are
 to be the Queen of the Ball, but you
 must come along with me immediately,
 because the whole Company stays for your
 coming. Sir, why would not you let
 me know of it, for now, reply'd the
 Dutchess with much indifferency, I
 did not expect no such thing. Nor I
 neither, Madam, continued the Duke,
 but this Surprise is so agreeable in it-
 self, that you can't well be displeased
 with it, considering you love Dancing,
 and good Dancers so dearly ; and you
 will be sure to meet there with all the
 Gallants of the Court, especially the
 Duke of who, in your
 Opinion, is capable of charming the
 most insensible Heart in the World. You
 have an excellent Memory, Sir, reply'd
 the Dutchess with some scorn, to re-
 member still what I said the other Day,
 certainly you have thought more of him
 since, than I. Come, let us not dissem-
 ble with one another, return'd the
 Duke, you have at least as much kind-
 ness for him, as for the Count de
 who is your Bosom Favourite : But
 pray

pray what is become of him, methinks I
 see him not so often as I used to do.
 You know more of him, Sir, said she
 Blushing, than any body else, and I
 wonder your Curiosity should not lead
 you to learn every thing concerning him,
 you want to know. Well, let us call
 another Cause, since this vexes you, re-
 ply'd the Duke, and make haste to
 the Ball. Pray go you before, said the
 Dutchess coldly, I have some Business
 to do that admits of no delay, before I
 go. There needed no more to raise
 the Duke's Curiosity, who is always
 ready to lay hold even of the most
 insignificant occasions; so that the
 poor Lady seeing not the least Pro-
 bability of ridding her hands of him,
 was fixed to go forward sorely a-
 gainst her Will, and leave the Count
 shut up in the Wardrobe. The
 Dutchess, who was a most passionate
 Lover of Dancing, and all the other
 Delights of our Senses, seeing her
 self adored by all the Princes and
 great Lords there present, thought
 no more on her poor Count, who
 found

found his Quarters so uneasy, that he had several times a mind to call out for help ; had not his fear of being discovered and losing his adored Beauty, withheld, and, as it were, stifled his Voice. *Unto what innumerable Troubles does not my Love expose me*, said he to himself, whilst shut up in the Cage, *every Day furnishes me fresh Matter of Vexation ; but*, added he, *I sometimes also reap the Fruits of my Pains and Trouble ; and since my adorable Mistress is not come to me, I ought to conquer my Impatience, and expect with Constancy my Delivery ; this will be look'd upon as a Sacrifice of Sufferings I am again to offer to her Charms.* Thus the Count pass'd away his tiresome Hours, each of which seem'd an Age to him : About Day Break, the Dutches, who had been very Merry all that while, remembering her Prisoner. *Alas !* cry'd she in a Fright, *what have I done ?* The King and Prince de Conde, who sat next to her, surprized to see her thus change on a sudden, our Monarch

narch whispering her, ask'd, What could be the cause of so unexpected an Emotion ; *I will tell you, Sir, reply'd she with a melancholy Air ; this is the remaining Idea of a Fright, which happened to me some time ago, the remembrance whereof always troubles me. And Madam, answered the King passionately, may not one know what it is ; perhaps there may be a way found to cure you of it ?* No, Sir, reply'd the Dutches, *pray don't urge me any further, it will be over as soon as I return to the Palace Royal.* His Majesty, who at all times is highly Complaisant to the Fair Sex, said no more ; and she no sooner saw the King gone another way, but went away *incognito*, in order to deliver the Count from his Imprisonment. After having made a thousand Excuses for her forgetfulness, she desired him, with a most charming and tender Air, to depart for fear of such another sinister Accident, which he saw himself obliged to do, tho his Love pleaded never so strong against it.

it. The Duke happening to come within a quarter of an hour into the Dutcheſſes Apartment, did feel ſomething under his Feet, juſt at the very Door, which being taken up, he found it to be the Count's Pocket Book he had let drop for haſte, as he was going away, and contain'd, among other things, the before mentioned Verſes, and ſome of his paſſionate Letters he had ſhewn to the Dutcheſſes. The Duke, who had been too much acquainted with the Count not to know his Hand Writing, was going to the Candle to peruſe them, but the Dutcheſſes who obſerved his Motions, in a ſeeming compoſed Air, came and ſnatch'd them from behind out of his Hands. *Let me alone, Madam,* ſaid the Duke ſomewhat angry, *I have here the Secrets of the Count de Guiche, I ſuppoſe 'tis not very long ago ſince he was here. 'Tis above a Month ago,* ſaid the Dutcheſſes much diſturbed, *ſince I ſpoke a word to him; and it was I who took the Table Book from him, becauſe he*
told

told me that contain'd the exact Portraiture of his Mistress. Let us see it then, said the Duke Laughing perhaps it is the Princess of who inspiries into him these Amorous Fits, and who has turn'd his Brains. Not long ago I saw him in Tuillery, talk to himself in a solitary place, remote from the Company, like a Man-hater. You know much more of him than I do, Sir, reply'd the Dutches with a seeming Indifference, he never communicated his Secrets to me ; you know that Men in general make such Mysteries of their Amorous Intrigues, that one can't intermeddle in those Affairs, without offending them. And, Madam, said the Duke, are not the Ladies guilty of the same fault ? If dissembling in this kind be a Crime, certainly it belongs a thousand times more to your Sex than ours ; you make Mysteries of every thing, witness your present Deportment, for you will neither let me see the Count's Pocket Book, nor make me a Confident of his Inclinations. I beg your pardon, Sir, reply'd

ply'd the Dutchess with a flattering Air, *I have promised him a thousand times upon my Honour, not to reveal his Secrets, and since you have so little respect for him, what good will it do you ?* I should be very glad to divert myself at his Book, reply'd the Duke, with my Friends, who would be very well pleased with such a Passion.

The Dutchess, who was very uneasy at the Pocket Book, wherein she was not a little concern'd, lock'd them up very secure, and the Duke before she could get into Bed, came again to teaze her about it for a considerable time, but in vain, so he left her Chamber in Discontent, and continued in so ill a Humour for many Days after, that scarce any Body durst speak to him.

The Count *de Guiche*, in the mean while, went to search for his Pocket Book in every Place, and was ready to run distracted when he considered that he might perhaps have dropt it in the *Palace Royal*, and that some Body or other of the Duke's Family might

might have taken it up: To be satisfy'd in the matter, he went the next Day in a very serious Posture to visit the Dutchess of ———, who told him with a malicious Air, *Alas! Count, we are undone, you have dropt your Table Book, and the Duke of ——— has found it, consider into what Troubles you have plunged me.* The Count, at this dreadful News, was ready to drop down at her Feet, for fear the whole Intrigue should be unravell'd; *Take Courage, my Dear,* said the Dutchess seeing him thus dejected; *such Timorous Lovers as you stand frequently in need of a Comforter.* 'Tis certain, Madam, reply'd he kissing her Hand, *those charming Words coming from your fair Mouth, are enough to revive me from the Dead, without which my Misfortunes has long ago carry'd your Unfortunate Slave to the Grave.* How, Count, return'd the Lady, *and you think your self Unfortunate, after what I have done for you.* *Alas! I am afraid you are Ungrateful and little deserving of my Favours and*
Care.

Care. Madam, answered the Count de Guiche in a most submissive Posture, *you did not very well apprehend my meaning ; I think my self Unfortunate in respect of my Birth, being so much inferiour to yours, but in respect of your Goodness toward me, all the World is not able to furnish me with words suitable to the Acknowledgment I owe you, and the Satisfaction I seek within me. This is a very fair Confession, Count, said the Dutches of ——— with a smile, let us talk no more of our Vexations and Troubles. The Count spent the whole Day and half the Night with her, in such Diversions as best suited her present Inclinations ; but great was their Surprize, when about two a Clock in the Morning, the Gentleman who had made the best of his time in the absence of the Duke of ——— heard him coming towards the Room where they were, and the Lady who heard his Tongue, said to the Count, who was in Bed with her ; Good Heavens, my dear Count,*

we

we are undone, I hear the Duke's Voice, what must we do to hide our selves from his Jealous Eyes? The Count trembling from Head to Foot without being able to return one word in Answer to his Goddess, got out of her Arms under the Bed in his Shirt only; and the Duke of ——— being resolved not to go into his own Bedchamber, before he had seen his Lady in hers, went thither accordingly without a Candle, and very softly, for fear of making a noise and disturbing her, it being a bright Moon light Night; finding her awake, he seated himself upon her Bedside, where he entertain'd her with divers trifling Matters, whilst the poor Lady was under the greatest uneasiness in the World for her Lover, who lay all this while upon the Boards to save himself. She did all she could to get rid of him, but finding all her Endeavours in vain, she pretended to be asleep, desiring him, at the same time to let her rest a little, because she had not slept all that Night, being

being very much troubled at his long stay ; but now, added she, I have seen you here, pray let me take a little rest, Not so, Madam, reply'd the Duke of ——— I don't intend to lie alone this Night, and to convince you of it, I am just now coming into Bed to you. Oh ! I did believe as much, Sir. reply'd the Dutchess of ——— vex'd to the Heart ; We Marry'd Women now adays have but a slender Influence upon our Husbands. And truly, Madam, return'd he smiling, we Husbands have much less upon our Wives. How ! for a Woman to refuse to her Husband the Lawful Priviledges of Marriage. To tell you the Truth, nothing can be more Vexatious and Afflicting to a Husband, than to see himself treated in such a manner. The Dutchess seeing it was but in vain to make more words ; and that he was resolved to come into Bed to her, submitted with Patience, and the poor Count was forced to creep close in his Quarters, underneath till Day light. You may
guess

guess at his Vexation, especially when he perceived his Mistress to receive the Caresses of a Man in the World he hated most. As good Fortune would have it, the Duke of . . . having a mind to rise early in the Morning, and his Gentleman happening to light upon the Count *de Guiche's* Coat he had left near the Bedside, was going to present it to him, had not one of the Dutchess of . . . Lady's who was acquainted with the whole Intrigue, snatch'd it out of his Hands, and with much dexterity, he put the Duke's Cloaths into his Hands, telling him, *the Duke would wear a Blue Coat that Day* ; and the Young Gentleman being innocent in the Matter, took the Cloaths and dress'd his Master.

He was no sooner gone, but the poor Count came creeping out from under the Bed, trembling with cold from Head to Foot, as if he had an Ague ; but care was taken to put some fresh heat into him, which
done,

done, they laugh'd heartily at the dexterity of *Timote*, and the Game she had play'd with the Duke of . . . Gentleman. *I must confess, Madam, said the Count as he sat, after being somewhat recovered, that the name of a Hearse, which I had given to this Young Lady, suits exactly with her Genius, Wit, and Activity, without which we had been all undone, without any Reprieve. You see, Count, reply'd the Lady smiling, That Love has always some hidden Reserve or other, to save us Lovers; and that we must hope the same God will be our Protector for the future: But I can never be at Ease, till I put a Trick upon this jealous Pated Duke. What Trick do you intend to play him, Madam, said the Count, looking steadfast upon her, It will not be long before you shall see it, be at rest, your Curiosity shall be satisfy'd at our next Meeting.*

'Twas not long after, that the Count *de Guiche* took his leave of the Dutchess of . . . with a very

very melancholy Countenance, which being soon taken notice of by her, she told him with a Charming and Engaging Air, *whence proceeds this languishing, dear Count, in your Eyes; Take care you don't fall Sick, and pray never dye any other Death but that of Love, if you Love me. I will do all that in me lies, Madam,* reply'd the Count very passionately, *to preserve my Life, since it is so happy as to be Dear and Precious to you. Go, go, that's enough, Count,* said the Dutches, *Remember, and prepare your self for another Adventure, where Love shall have its full Lustre of Pleasures, and where you may . . . without any Intermission. Very well, Madam,* said the Count de Guiche smiling, *I will endeavour to improve the next Time and Opportunity to the utmost, and to give you the most convincing proofs in the World, of my readiness to serve you.*

No sooner had the Count left his Fair Mistress, but he went to pay a Visit to the Marquis of . . . his faithful

faithful Confident, unto whom he
 gave a sincere Relation of all that
 had happened. His Friend quite
 surpriz'd at the oddness of the Ad-
 venture, *I can't but tell you, Dear
 Friend, said he, that you run incre-
 dible hazards, and that perhaps you
 will pay at a very dear Rate for these
 secret Pleasures and Enjoyments. How
 to venture in such a manner your self
 in a Royal Palace, to Hornifie a Prince
 of the Blood, who, to be even with you,
 ought to repay you in your own Coin, so
 soon as ever you are Married, and to
 take no less care of your Wife, than you
 have done of his. I should not trouble
 my Head much about these Fooleries,*
 reply'd the Count Laughing out a-
 loud ; a Man may be a very honest
 Gentleman, tho he wears a small pair
 of Horns on his Front ; because Horns
 are the Emblem of Strength and Ho-
 nour ; and never do any harm unless
 you set them on fire. You say right,
 Sir, answered the Marquis with a
 pleasant Air, if all the Culcholds
 Horns should take fire at once, it
 F would

would set the whole World in a Flame; and for fear you should have the Misfortune of being comprehended in this Universal Conflagration, I would advise you never to think of Marrying, because Marriage is a very dangerous thing for Gentlemen of your Kidney. Don't divert your self, Sir, any longer, answer'd the Count coldly, at the expence of your Friend, who keeps nothing from you, rather congratulate my Felicity and Happiness. I wish I could, dear Friend, reply'd the Marquis, rubbing his Forehead, I am so very nice in that point, which you call Fooleries, that I fancy already I feel them tickling and coming out on my Forehead. O ! dear Marquis, whatever you do, never take a Wife, cry'd the Count, for it will certainly be your fate, 'tis an Inheritance belonging to all Men. Plague on these Women, answer'd the Marquis, they are ticklish things. These Cocquets know too well how to ensnare us whilst they are Maidens, by their pretended good Humour and Vertue, and some secret
 Charms

Charms Nature has bestow'd upon them. To convince you of this Truth, dear Friend, continu'd the Marquis with much eagerness, I must tell you, that just now I come from Mademoiselle de la Bisque, who in my Eyes appears to be as fair as an Angel, and this perfection of her Bodyjoyn'd to so charming a Modesty, has put my Liberty in danger, and rob'd my Heart of a great part of its usual Tranquility. O! were you but sensible what various Agitations I feel within my Heart, in the presence of so redoubtable an Object; Then pray be sincere, Sir, said the Count, and at last be free to own, that I am not so much to blame, as you imagine, but rather to be pity'd. Truly, Sir, reply'd the Marquis, I scarce know whether you are to blame or to be pity'd; for it is your own fault not to make your utmost resistance against a Passion, which is likely to draw you into an Abyss of Miseries; I won't deny, but that my Heart is not altogether proof against the powerful Charms of a handsome Woman; but so soon as I find my Heart

wounded by Cupid's Dart, I retreat in
 spight of all the Charms Love can lay
 in my way to oppose it. I fight him
 like a bold Soldier, and oftentimes lay
 him at my Feet. Alas, Sir, reply'd
 the Count with a deep Sigh, you
 never were as yet wounded to the quick,
 by his Darts, if this-Deity should once
 give you a home stroak, you would talk
 at a quite different rate from what you
 now do. The greatest Philosophers in the
 World, are frequently put to a nonplus,
 and use all their Strength upon such like
 an occasion in vain. I find then that all
 the Precepts of Vertue and Wisdom, I
 have given you, are lost upon you, re-
 ply'd the Marquis arising from his
 Seat, and taking his Hat and put-
 ting it close to his Head, Then
 push on your Passion as far as it will
 go, and as for me I will take care to
 enjoy my happy Indifferency and Tran-
 quility as long as possibly I can. So
 these two Gentlemen embracing one
 another, parted for that time. The
 Count de Guiche took his Road to-
 wards the Wood of Vincenne, his
 usual

usual Solitude, where he spent his time in ruminating upon the Advice his Friend had given him, but 'tis in vain to talk to a Lover of Danger; wherefore we will leave him to his own Thoughts, and see what the Dutchess of ——— writ to him.

‘ **A** Las! Dear Count, to Love
 ‘ such a Person as you, what
 ‘ Inconveniencies is one not obliged
 ‘ to undergo! My whole Mind is
 ‘ taken up with the Impressions you
 ‘ have made there, and which pur-
 ‘ sue me wherever I go, and will
 ‘ not leave me; let me do what I
 ‘ can to keep them at a distance.
 ‘ These Impressions, tho never so a-
 ‘ greeable to my Inclinations, never-
 ‘ theless are Enemies to my Repose
 ‘ and Tranquility; Remember, my
 ‘ Lovely Count, at what a rate I
 ‘ purchase the Pleasure of seeing
 ‘ you, and don’t forget the Obliga-
 ‘ tion you owe me, because it stands
 ‘ me in more than you. Make haste
 ‘ to see me so soon as possibly you
 F 3 can;

‘ can ; I will tell you of a very
 ‘ pleasant Dream I had of you. A-
 ‘ dieu Count, don’t tarry to come to
 ‘ see me, for I am too impatient to
 ‘ stay long, and tell you what I suf-
 ‘ fer for You know
 ‘ who it is that writes to you, ’tis
 ‘ the most sincere of your Friends.

The Count *d’ Guiche*, who had
 this *Billet doux* delivered to him by
 a Page of the Dutchess of ———
 after his return from his Walk, kis-
 sed it a thousand times in the Pre-
 sence of the Gentleman, who could
 not forbear Laughing at the passio-
 nate Transports of t^{he} Count, and
 ask’d him, Whether he would send
 an Answer to the Billet ? *Who gave*
you this Billet, Sir, said the Count
 much discomposed ; *It was given me*
by one of the Dutchess of ——— La-
adies, Sir, reply’d the Page, *and I was*
ordered to deliver it to you. Very well,
 answered the Count going into his
 Closet, *I will write an Answer, which*
I desire you to deliver to the same
 Young

Young Lady that gave you this. Whilst the Page was waiting in the next Room for an Answer, our Lover quite confounded in his Thoughts, was not able to find out any Expressions he thought suitable to shew his Respect to his Goddess, and to disclose to her, unto what a miserable Condition he was reduc'd; a thousand times he took Pen in hand, and as often dropt it, wanting strength to write his Thoughts; but after all, addressing his Vows to the God of Love, he took Courage, and writ the following Lines.

*The Count de Guiche's Letter to
the Dutcheſs of ———**Madam,*

I Must have recourse to your
 Beauty, when I caſt my Eyes
 upon the Lowneſs of my Stile and
 Exprefſions, which are very feeble
 and diſcompoſed at this time. E-
 very thing that is ſurprizing, moſt
 commonly raiſes in our Mind a
 certain Diſturbance we are not able
 to overcome without much diffi-
 culty. This is the State I live in,
 ever ſince your . . . has
 honoured me with your Eſteem
 and Friendſhip; ſuch ſurprizing
 Charms, ſuch adorable Merits of-
 ten throw me into an amazement,
 and rob me of the true uſe of my
 natural Senſes. Alas! Do I ſay
 oftentimes to my ſelf, Why was
 not I born a poor Shepherd, or
 why am I not in a ſuitable ſtation
 to my incomparable Dutcheſs, that
 ſo

' so I might with the more Tran-
 ' quility and Satisfaction enjoy the
 ' Pleasures of Love? You tell me,
 ' most Divine Lady, *it stands you in*
 ' *more than me*; I can't but doubt
 ' of the Reality of it, because I of-
 ' ten go in search after my self,
 ' without being able to find my self.
 ' Pray Judge in favour of my Passi-
 ' on, by my Sufferings, and I am
 ' sure you will pity me, and take
 ' Compassion of the most faithful of
 ' your Servants, who never will be
 ' forgetful of the Favours he owes
 ' to your Goodness. Adieu, Ma-
 ' dam, I shall obey your charming
 ' Commands with a great deal of
 ' Pleasure, and be ambitious to call
 ' my self till Death,

Yours

Most Affectionate Subject.

The

The Count having concluded his Letter as well as he could, and folded it up, gave it to the Page, who delivered it to Mrs. Finote. The Dutchess of ——— who was extremely impatient to have some News from her Gallant; ask'd her, Whether she had heard any thing? Yes, Madam, reply'd she, *I just now I had a Letter delivered to me from him, by one of your . . . Pages. I am very glad of it, my Dear,* said the Dutchess and took it, *I was afraid he was not very well. The Count, Madam,* reply'd this young Lady, *is highly obliged to your Goodness, when he considers that so Illustrious a Person as you, concerns your self in his behalf, and that he is so frequently in your Thoughts. I can't deny,* reply'd the Dutchess smiling, *but that I have a peculiar Esteem for him; and that I take as much care of every thing that has any relation to him, as if he were my near Kinsman; but I don't repent of it, because he actually deserves it, you can't imagine what engaging ways he has.*

has. He must needs be Master of many great Qualifications, return'd the Young Lady with a modest Air, to please a Lady of such a high Rank as your I know your meaning, my Dear, said the Dutchess of interrupting her with a Smile, but 'tis neither Birth nor Quality at all times, that make People deserving. The Count de Guiche was born the most agreeable Person living, so that it is not easie to see him, without loving him. I must confess, Madam, reply'd Finote with a complaisant Air, there are very few at Court, who can compare with him, for his Noble Mein, for his Bravery and Air of Gallantry, which appear both in his Person and Actions. You have drawn his Picture to the Life, said the Dutchess, I will go and see what he tells us in his Letter. So going into her Closet, she read the Count's Letter, and discovering in it certain Signs of Disquiet, she could not forbear Laughing at it: Alas poor Count, said she to her self; he is in much greater dan-

danger than I thought for, I find his'n is not a fresh Wound, I sometimes charge him with Negligence and being remiss, when I my self am the cause of it. This is a piece of injustice to his Passion, and to the Respect I have imprinted into him. Pardon, dear Lover, this want of Penetration, I am sensible at present of the Excessive Tenderness of thy Heart. The Dutch-
 ess of . . . continued thus for some time to ruminate upon the Charms and Delights of her Love, after which she went abroad a visiting, and gave to some Ladies, of her intimate Acquaintance, a relation of her own Adventures under borrow'd Names, pretending she had read them in a Romance.

The Duke of O—, being extremely pleased with his late Disguise in a Pedlars Habit, when he went to Madam d' Olone, had the Curiosity of contriving another, which he believed would be no less becoming to him than the other had been. Knowing that Madam de
 Mon-

Montespan wanted a Chamber maid, he dress'd himself in Womens Apparel, pretending to be not long ago come out of the Country ; and being ask'd by the Lady what she wanted with her ; Good Morrow, Madam, said Mrs. *Picrette*, I was told you wanted one to wait on you in your Chamber, and am come to offer you my Service. Where did you live before, said Madam *Montespan* looking her in the Face, I lived, Madam, said she, making a low Reverence, at the Countess of a Lady the hardest to be pleased of any Woman living, and who will have every thing done to the greatest nicety ; For all this, I had not left her Service, had it not been for a great lusty Page of hers, who would be always playing the Fool with me, and dirty my Linnen, let me do what I would : You know, Madam, nothing ought to be so precious to a Young Woman as her Reputation, and how careful we must be in not hearkening to the Impertinent Discourses of Men. You are in the right of it, said the

the Marchioness Laughing, *but after all, do you imagine, that the Females in my Family are not as gamefome as the Males ? Don't deceive your self, they love a little Play as well as the great lusty Page you say loved you. Alas, Madam, reply'd Mrs. Pierret, with much reservedness, call you that Love, when a Fellow tells his Foole-ries to a Young Woman like my self. I am no Diet for Pages, and would I have given the least Ear to the Impertinencies of their Masters, I know some of the first Quality, who What is it you call Impertinencies ? return'd my Lady like one surpriz'd. I mean, Madam, said Pierette, their tender Words and Expressions, when they tell us, we are very handsome, infinitely Charming, I am in Love with you, my pretty Child, Could you Love me again, if I should Love you ? And a thousand other such like Foole-ries. How, Mrs. Pierette, reply'd Madam de Montespan, call you these Honey Words Fooleries ? Certainly you know not the difference, it must be
either*

either for want of Judgment or good Sense. That may be, Madam, answered Pierette, but be that as it will, I can't dispense with the Addresses of Men. You are a Rarity indeed, my Dear, reply'd the Marchioness, a Young Woman as you are, not to be Amorous ! I am nothing like it, Madam, reply'd the disguised Duke with a feign'd Modesty, I never found any Inclination in my self that way, and I can safely swear, that my Flesh and Senses were never in Rebellion on that account. At that rate you are a Saint, said Madam de Montespan jestingly, or else Nature must have spoil'd in you, what it has bestow'd as a Gift upon other People : For, the greatest Saints tell us, that every Body of this World is subject to Temptations and Human Frailties. I can't tell, Madam, reply'd Pierette with a Blush, I have felt my self all over, and can't find but that I am like other People, except my Heart, whose only Inclinations are for such Lovely Ladies as you are. Oh ! how I love them, said the disguised Duke,

Duke,

Duke, with a Passionate Air, and kissing her Hand, *no Pleasure like that of seeing and loving them. You are methinks very familiar, considering this is the first time you see me, reply'd the Marchioness with a scornful Look, as far as I can see, you know not how to behave your self. I hope, Madam, return'd she, your Goodness will pardon this Extravagancy, 'tis according to our Country way, when we are eager to discover our Passion for a Friend, and convince you how desirous I am to serve you, pray, let me help to Dress you.* The Marchioness seeing none of her Maids at hand, comply'd with her Request, and the disguised Duke acted the Modest Chambermaid to a Miracle, till the Lady pulling off her Night-gown, and shewing her naked Neck and Bosom, (which was Beautiful to a Miracle) he forgot the Part he was to act, and *Alas ! cry'd he, Madam, no Man, thanks be to Heaven, was ever able to tempt me hitherto, but your Charms have done it to the highest degree. Hah !*
good

good Woman, answered Madam de Montefpan, fixing her Eyes on her, I verily believe you are something more than a Young Woman. Don't be afraid, Madam, reply'd the pretended Young Woman kissing her Shoulders, which happened to be naked, it is not in my power to hurt your lovely Sex. Alas! my Dear, return'd the Marchionefs much surpriz'd, I dare lay odds you are an Hermaphrodite, and that is the reason why you are not fond of Mankind, or at least you share your Inclinations betwixt both Sexes; you are not fit for me, I must have one that I am sure is a Woman. Madam, reply'd Pierrette smiling, if you have a Matron in the House, I am willing to stand the search, she will convince you, if she understands the Business, that I am a Maid: For I can assure you, Madam, I never lost my Maidenhead, as yet. Would you take your Oath upon it, Foolish, reply'd Madam Montefpan Laughing, Women of your Age seldom used to keep it so long, for fear it should grow mouldy, and so they

part

*part with it for fear of the worst : Do
 you say for fear of the worst, Madam ?
 reply'd Pierrette, fixing her Eyes on
 the Ground with a pretended Mo-
 desty, for a Woman to part with so
 precious a Jewel ; I beg you, Madam,
 to have a better Opinion of our Sex,
 for my part mine shall be mouldy before
 ever I will have a Thought of losing it ;
 I wish I may die on the Spot, if ever the
 least Conceit or Motion of so hainous
 a nature did enter my Heart. Well,
 well, I will take your Word for it, my
 Dear, answered the Marchioness with
 much Indifferency, don't be uneasy
 upon that score, there needs no Prote-
 stations nor Security for things of this
 nature ; and as for my part, I am very
 willing to leave them to every ones Con-
 science, especially if they are ready to
 confirm what they say by Oath. Yes,
 Madam, said the Duke with a very
 serious Air, thanks to St. Lucerne,
 that pure and Chaste Virgin, who has
 been always my Patroness, I am very
 Innocent on that account : But, Ma-
 dam, continued he, now you are
 Dress'd,*

Dress'd, shall we make an end of our Business? No, Mistress, said the Lady coldly, observing something that was odd in her Behaviour, I will stay a little longer before I take a full Resolution. Then farewell, Charming Lady, reply'd the Duke of O—s sighing, you will render me Unfortunate as long as I live, unless I can enjoy your Company, which will be dear to me, beyond all the Riches of the Universe. I know not what to say to you, reply'd the Marchioness as she was going to leave the Room; But, the Duke thinking it now high time to discover himself, threw himself at her Feet, and embracing them with a thousand Carresses, Don't you discover, Madam, said he, him who Adores you, and who disguised himself for no other reason, under this Dress, but to have an Opportunity of entertaining you with the greater Familiarity; I have tasted a thousand Pleasures in this Disguise. You are very Ingenious, Sir, reply'd Madam de Montespan seemingly surprized,

prized, in putting upon our Sex, you are a Master in the Arts of taking what Figure you please; the Goddess Minerva her self, could scarce outdo you in that Part, which Jupiter had allotted to her; for your Disguises are so well contrived, as to be pass'd the Discovery of the most quick-sighted. Then you think, Madam, these Comical Adventures to become me very well? said the Prince Laughing. Yes, Sir, reply'd she with an engaging Air, nothing in the World could be better contrived, you acted your Part as nice now, as you did t'other day that of the Shepherdes on the Stage; for you can Blush and look Pale when you please, which is of no small moment in matters of this nature. I congratulate my self, added he with a Tender Air, to have the good Fortune to please you. 'Tis a considerable time ago, since I have made it my Business to prove so fortunate, without having been able to attain to my wish, till this Day; a day I look upon as the happiest of my Life, and which I shall remember for ever. Come let us act
 sin-

*sincerely, Sir, cry'd the Marchioness, with a Languishing Air, being very desirous to have the Duke among the number of her Lovers ; now tell me without dissembling the matter, do you Love me a little ? Whether I Love you a little, Madam, continued the Duke with a Passionate Air, what induces you to undervalue your own Merits at that rate ? O ! Incomparable Lady, I Love you to a degree of Folly, cry'd he, and unless you remove by your Pity these Evils, whereof you are the Cause, I am afraid it will cost me my Life. You will die the same Death as other Lovers do, Sir, said the Lady Laughing, I mean in their Letters, when they die and are revived again when they please, or at least according as the humour takes them. I read t'other day in some Novel a Story of a certain most Passionate Lover, who during the absence of his adored Beauty, coming frequently to a small Rivulet, to bewail his Misfortunes, his Tears swell'd the Brook to such a depth, that it is since become a large River, and goes now by
the*

the Name of the Canal of Tears and Sighs in the Isle of Love. Were you ever in that Country, Madam, reply'd the Duke of O—s with a Smile, perhaps this is the same Isle where Lovers lose themselves. It may be so, for that I know, Sir, reply'd she with a seeming sincerity, but for my part, I never saw that Isle, perhaps 'tis an un-accessible Place, or but lately discovered by the God of Love. Let us take Shipping, reply'd the Duke embracing her, for that Place, let us embark upon this Ocean of Love, and pursue your . . . Voyage as far as the God of Love will conduct us, let us make use of his point instead of a Rudder, which governs the World, and will guide us to the Vale of Love. Madam de Montespan, who is none of the quickest, did not much trouble her Head to dive into the meaning of this Riddle; she thought it sufficient to understand that she had engaged the Duke's Heart, (a thing that pleased her to the highest degree) and that she was now upon the
Point

Point of entring into a Treaty that was to be seal'd and sign'd by Love. These pleasing Ideas as they augmented her Charms and engaging Air, so these stood her in no small stead to increase and fix the Duke of O——s Passion, who generally loved the Fair Sex only by Fits. These two Lovers, after having spent some time longer in Tender Expressions, and given one to the other certain proofs of their new Engagement took leave of one another for that time.

'Twas not long before it was known at Court, that the Duke of O——s was fal'n in Love with this Lady; whereat some were pleased, others displeased. Among the first was the Count *de Guiche*, who flatter'd himself, that this Amorous Amusement would divert the Duke from his Jealousie, and in the meanwhile took care to improve the Duke's Absence to his Advantage. The Dutchess of ——— who had promised the Count to play the Duke a Trick at their next Meeting, to be even

even with him for his Mistrustful Temper, caused two Wooden Heads to be made, one whereof resembling a Man, the other that of a Woman. These were laid in her Bed, their Heads neatly dress'd. The Duke happening to come home pretty late that Night from Playing at Cards, went softly into the Dutchesse's Chamber, drew near to the Bed, and seeing two Heads there lying close together Asleep, as he supposed, did not in the least doubt, but that it was his Spouse whom he had thus catch'd. *Now I have you,* said the Duke, *you have play'd this Game, I suppose often before, but now I am resolv'd to revenge my self: I am resolv'd, Traitor,* added he, casting a most furious Look at one of the Heads (which he thought resembled the Count de Guiche) *to run my Sword in a thousand Places through thy Body, to make thee expiate thy Crime. And as for you, faithless Spouse, who thus Sacrifice me to a Man so little deserving your Favours, what must I do,*

to punish you according to your Deserts, for so enormous a Sin. Yes, yes, continued the Duke almost distracted with Fury, you deserve both to be Sacrific'd together, and nothing shall hinder me from shedding your Blood. At these words stopping a little, and advancing to touch their Bodies, he had only seen thro' the opening of the Curtains hitherto, he found them to be hard and without motion: *Alas!* cry'd he, *they have play'd me a Trick,* and so went to his own Bed-chamber as soft as he could, without any Attendance, in hopes that in so doing his folly might remain undiscovered.

The Dutchess of ——— and the Count de Guiche, who were lock'd up together in a Closet adjacent to the Bed-chamber where the Heads were laid, were ready to burst with Laughing, and said one to another with a low Voice, *The Fox is catch'd, the Fox is catch'd, we have at last deceived thee in spite of all thy Argus Eyes.* I could never have imagined,
G Madam,

Madam, said the Count Laughing, the Duke to have been of so jealous and mistrustful a Temper, and that he should be addicted to it to such an Excess ; I should be very glad to know what were his real Thoughts, when he said, Traitor, I will run my Sword thro' thy Body. Are you so very dull, dear Count, reply'd the Dutchess Smiling, without all doubt he supposed it was you that was in the Bed with me ; did not you hear him reproach me with Infidelity, and on account of my Tenderness for you ? No, *Madam*, answered the Count, I heard no more than what I told you before, I was not near enough to understand the remaining part. I am very sorry for it Count, answered she with a Sigh. And what is it, most Divine Lady, reply'd he with a most Passionate Air, that makes you imagine that these Reproaches, which doubtless would have touch'd me to the Quick, and made me expire upon the Spot, should in the least have lessen'd the Value of those Favours you are pleased to bestow upon me. Alas !

Madam,

Madam, continued he, throwing
 himself at her Feet, I am too sensible
 of those precious Pledges I received
 from your Heart, knowing my self al-
 together undeserving of the least of your
 Favours. You have exactly hit my
 Thoughts, reply'd the Dutches with
 a Charming Air, and Mademoiselle
 de Montaleto did give you no more
 than your due, when she told me t'other
 day, that you were the most gallant and
 the most engaging Person at Court.
 How much am I indebted to you, my
 Incomparable Lady, cry'd the Count
 de Guiche, quite transported with
 Joy, to raise the Value of what this
 Young Woman was pleased to say of
 me, to so high a rate; her Incense is
 very inconsiderable in comparison to
 yours, Madam; the least grain of
 yours, sends forth a most odoriferous
 Scent, which revives and rejoices our
 Hearts. And what Sweets, what In-
 censes are these, my dear Count, said
 the Lady Laughing, I am obliged to
 you for? I know not how I shall be a-
 ble to discharge so heavy a Debt. One

favourable Look, Madam, reply'd this happy Lover kissing her Hand, is more than enough to pay a Debt not worth your care; and how happy should I think my self, were it in my power to make a return for your Charming Goodness and Infinite Favours: But alas, I fear What is it you fear, Count? reply'd the Dutchess looking at him, and guessing at his meaning, When one has truly engaged ones Heart 'tis no easie Task to have it again at ones own disposal: Madam, reply'd the Count full of Passion, your Merits ought to challenge an infinite Acknowledgment; such a one as a mortal Man is incapable of giving you, since the Homage and Incense of the World can't reach your Deserts; but all I am able to say, is far below what I feel, and below all I would do, to convince you of the sincerity of my Heart.

The Duke of O——s, who had rested pretty well the remaining part of the Night, believing that his Spouse had been in Bed in some other Room, because she would not be di-

disturbed in the Morning, had nevertheless the Curiosity to rise earlier than he used to do, in order to visit his Lady, who had taken care to send away the Count, and kept Mrs. Montalet near her Bedside, under pretence of some slight Indisposition. The Duke being very impatient to know who it was that had put the Wooden Heads into the Bed, after having ask'd the Dutchess how she did, a k'd her in a very rough manner, What People she had about her, that durst be so bold as to play him such a Trick the last Night ; such a one as ought not to be put upon a Person of my Rank. *Alas ! what have they done to you, Sir,* reply'd the Dutchess, dissembling the Matter, *who is it that has offended or vex'd you ?* What they have done to me, Madam, reply'd the Duke, with a Serious Air, *I suppose you are not unacquainted with the Matter ; but if once I find out the Contrivers of this malicious Trick, they shall have sufficient reason to repent of it.* But,

Sir, reply'd the Dutchess of ———
 Laughing aloud, Suppose I should tell
 you it was I who contrived it, what
 would you do to me in that furious hu-
 mour you are now in? I am afraid you
 would pardon me no more than you
 would the You contrive
 it, Madam, reply'd the Duke look-
 ing stedfast at her, certainly you would
 have more Generosity, than thus to put
 upon a Spouse whose only delight is to
 please. So that after all, Sir, said the
 Dutchess in a Majestick manner, you
 had but a very ill Opinion of this Ge-
 nerous Spouse, so that if she should
 have put upon you, it was doubtless to
 be even with you, for all those ill
 grounded and unjust Notions you had
 conceived of her: To be short, it was
 conceived, that the Count de ———
 kept Company with the Dutchess of
 ——— and that he being a very
 Gallant Person, has a for
 ingratiating himself with the Ladies
 I know it very well, Ma-
 dam, reply'd the Duke coldly, and
 that you say nothing but what is actu-
 ally

ally the Truth, tho it be spoken in jest ;
 'tis for this reason this so charming
 Cavalier has got a place among the Ab-
 bots and Bishops of Fortune, who are
 stiled the Black Dragoons of Gallan-
 try, because abundance of Ladies pass
 thro' their hands ; and it was under
 this Sanctify'd Habit, the Count de
 ——— Dagoon'd the other Night,
 the Countess of the Green ; whom he
 run almost thro' the Body, tho without
 doing her any considerable harm ; and
 I can tell you why he did not, it was
 because this Gallant Dagoon found the
 Hole made to his Hand by his Collo-
 nel, who had mounted the Breach be-
 fore him.

The Duke of ——— who had
 related this enigmatical Story ; chief-
 ly to discompose the Dutchess on
 account of the Count de Guiche,
 thought himself in some measure
 reveng'd for the Trick they had play'd
 him ; and tho the Dutchess wanted
 not Sense to guess at his Intentions,
 yet could she not forbear to enter-
 tain a strong Suspicion, that the

Count was Unfaithful, and that he often visited the Countess *de Olone*, unto whom they had given the Title of the Countess of *the Green* at Court, because she always hoped for some fresh Favours from her Gallants, tho they treated her never so indifferently, and that the Collonel of the *Black Dragoons*, was the Duke of O—— who shared her Favours with him without his Knowledge. These Suspicions having put the Dutches of —— into a very ill Humour, (tho she dissembled it as much as possibly she could) she took this Opportunity of continuing her Raillery in regard to the Game she had play'd her Spouse, by way of retaliation for his mistrusting her Fidelity, which she said, was proof against the most powerful Charms in the World. *'Tis a difficult Task*, said the Duke with a Smile, *to indulge ones Senses, without feeling the Effects of their Enchantments; especially such a Lady as you, who being all Charms, whenever she attempts to resist*
those

those Temptations, she never fails to meet with something or other which deceives and draws her away into the sumptuousness and Pleasures of so engaging a Court as ours is ; Remember what a vast number of Sighs and Addresses are made to ; what Homage are paid you, and how often they meet with an agreeable Reception from you. From me, Sir, reply'd the Dutchess with a deal of Modesty, I never minded any others but yours, tho' you are very sparing with them. I am too well versed in the Art of Love, Madam, reply'd the Duke, not to understand that it is no more than a charitable Piece of Morality to give a favourable acceptance to some Sighs that fall accidentally in ones way. Then, Sir, reply'd the Dutchess with much Indifferency, you may make use of this Gallant Morality, be sure to catch up all the Sighs the Ladies send to you, both from the right and left side. Yes, so I will, Madam, reply'd the Duke merrily, when I think them worth my while, and that they deserve it, because

I intend to lay up good store of them. But, continued he sighing, I should be extremely pleased, if the Dutchess and Countess of would afford me some of their Sighs, I would be ready to return them, without suffering them to remain in a languishing Condition, and all this purely out of a Motive of Charity, a Man can't well refuse to these Fair Ladies, who aim at every Heart that comes in sight of them. I promise you, Sir, said the Dutchess of ——— with a pretended Engaging Air, I will, out of another Motive of Charity acquaint them with it, if you think fit, perhaps they are not sensible as yet of those advantageous Sentiments you have for them. That may be, reply'd the Duke, I return you many thanks for your most extraordinary and obliging care ; but I have a mind to let them know it my self, I will be the Messenger that carries this News ; I don't care for a third Person, nor for any Confidants in Love. You take it to a nicety, Sir, added she smiling, for at that rate you need not fear

to

to be brtray'd, provided you can but keep your Mistresses Favours to your self. Mistresses, said the Duke with a seeming Surprize, for a Person of my Temper, Mistresses, I say once more ! The Countess d' Olone has not been sparing to say, I am no Lover of Women, and that my Inclinations are for a worse Game : Nay, she has told it to Father Anet and Father Bovanne, who have spoke to me about it. And will you pardon her such a piece of Impudence, said the Dutchess Laughing, certainly she has found out a way of endearing you to her, because you treat her so tenderly, whereas, if any Body else had done so, there would have been not the least prospect of a Reconciliation. What would you have me do with her, Madam, said the Duke, she is a Woman that will talk of every thing, whether she knows any thing of the Matter, or not ; and for that reason, I never mind her. Sir, reply'd the Dutchess smiling, I would have you give a more agreeable Turn to the Matter, say with a Tender Air, I forgive her every thing,

thing, because I Love and Adore her,
 and none but the Countess of the Green
 is able to reach your Heart. I now no
 more doubt, but that you was the Collo-
 nel of the Black Dragoons, who has
 Dragoon'd her so often, which I never
 knew before ; but, continued she, the
 Mouth will speak what the Heart is full
 of ; you have been so good as to tell it
 me, before I enquired after it, imagin-
 ing, perhaps, I had not wit enough to
 unfold so intricate a Riddle ; the Fair
 Lady has wounded you with her affect-
 ed Inticements, and you have given her
 a Wound another way. Come, come,
 Sir, another time keep your Love My-
 steries closer, and don't divulge them
 in Figures to such a one as my self,
 who has so near a Concern in it.
 She had no sooner said these words,
 but she went out of the Room, lea-
 ving the Duke alone in a very deep
 Study, and not a little vex'd at him-
 self, for having said more than he
 should have done ; for whilst he
 thought to put upon the Dutchess,
 in relating to her one of the Count's
 Gal-

Gallantries, and reproaching her for hers, he was catch'd in the Snare himself ; so that he was scarce in a good Humour for a Month after.

The Dutchess of ——— who had conceal'd hither what had been told her concerning the Count, could not forbear one Night, when they were indulging their Passion, by the light of the Moon, to reveal it to him. The Count extreamly surprized at what he heard her say, *Madam*, answer'd he with a most Sincere Air, *you charge me with the blackest Infidelity in the World ; is it possible to imagine I should betray the Goodness and Favours of the most Adorable Lady living ? No, no, entertain more advantageous Sentiments of my Heart, most Divine Lady, and don't wrong me so far, as to believe me Unfaithful. I know not what to say to the Matter,* Count, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— with a Languishing Air, *you are of the same Stamp as all other Men are ; they love Change, tho' they were beloved by an Angel, 'tis Variety that*
Charms

Charms them, and seasons all their Pleasures : We must have something that is new, say they, to move and rouse our Spirits, a thing not to be expected, from a worn out Passion and Sighs. I can't deny, Madam, reply'd the Count de Guiche Smiling, that the first beginning of a Passion, has something that is very Charming in it, but when a Man once is in the Possession of the Heart of so incomparable a Lady as you are, all Novelties lose their force and Charms ; there is no Engagement on Earth so strong, but what would break its Chains to change them with Joy for yours ; and put the highest pitch of his Felicity in wearing them : The Greatest Kings of the World, added he with a very Passionate Air, would envy my Happiness, were they sensible of it. Without Dissimulation or Flattery, Count, said the Dutchess with a most ingaging Air, tell me sincerely, does not this Lady do you a Favour now and then ? How many Amorous Robberies have you committed upon her ? If you will make an ingenu-
 nous

annous Confession, you will much oblige
 and please me. Would you have me
 tell you, Madam, without dissembling
 the Matter, reply'd the Count Laugh-
 ing, her Favours are too common to co-
 vet or to be fond of them; she is one
 of those who are not very nice in a Gal-
 lant, provided he I un-
 derstand what you would say, Sir, re-
 ply'd the Dutchess of — Laugh-
 ing, but pray be good humour'd, and
 give me a relation of one of your Noctur-
 nal Assignations, because I am inform-
 ed, that whenever you go there, it is
 in the Night time, under the Disguise
 of one of the Black Dragoons, or of
 an Hermit. What is the meaning,
 Madam, reply'd the Count interrup-
 ting her, of these Black Dragoons?
 I never knew Gallantry to be Marshal'd
 into a Regiment. I am apt to believe
 it must be so, Count, answered the
 Dutchess coldly, because they put, as
 it seems you Cavalier Adventurers in-
 to the same Rank with the Black Coats
 with little Bands, this is the Character
 the Wits of the Town bestow upon you.

A pretty Comparison ! Madam, reply'd the Count laughing aloud ; but not to forget your Ladships Commands of relating to you one of my Assignations with the Countess of the Green. I will tell you, I had the Curiosity one Night to disguise my self like an Abbot, knowing this Lady to be exceeding fond of these Favourites of Venus ; she did not in the least suspect it to be me, notwithstanding which, I never came so much . . . to the Critical Minute, in all my Life time before, as I did at time, had I been in a humour to improve it to the utmost of her Wish ; because she actually mistook me for one of those Black Divinities, who used to bring along with them the same Golden Rain, which Jupiter pour'd upon Diana ; but such was her forwardness, such was her Confident Deportment, that it quite check'd my Inclinations, could I have had any for such a Woman as she is. She lay in a loose Garb upon a Couch, in so indecent a posture as was enough to check a Man of my Kidney ; she had nothing but a Gawse Yellow
Night-

Night-Gown wrapt about her, through which you might see her Body almost half naked, and her curl'd Hair spread about her Neck and Bosom, which indeed is none of the worst. She embraced me most tenderly, believing me to be the Abbot de Bois, whom she is exceeding fond of, tho' he has not seen him above twice or thrice in all her Life. But 'tis impossible to tell you how she loaded me with Reproaches and Injurious Words, when she found me not ready for her turn; so that I had no other way left me than to decamp in good time, and get out of her sight, which I did, and swore heartily I would never come near her again.

And have you kept this Oath, Count, reply'd the Dutches looking in his Face, Lovers you know, will be Perjur'd and Unfaithful: Dont Blush, continu'd she, for tho' it be not Day-light, I see your Heart betrays you in spite of your self, and that now and then you improve the Critical Minute, under your Sanctify'd Habit.

Not

Not in the least, Madam,, said the Count Laughing aloud ; but I will tell you another Adventure, the most delightful I ever met with since I was born : I had disguis'd my self like an Hermit, and in that Habit was surprised in her Company by the Count de Olone, her Husband, whilst I was endeavouring to make a Convert of her, and to infuse into her such Sentiments as might lead her to a Holy Life ; but Alas ! If you had but seen what a fright my Penitent Lady was in, when she saw him come in ! However she had immediate recourse to her usual Inventions, to amuse the poor Man, whom she told, with a great deal of fawning Ingenuity : Sir, this is the so much celebrated Father of the Order of St. Augustin, for his singular Vertues and Morality, who having left his Convent, is retired into a solitary Grotto, to lead a more Austere and Holy Life : He is, added she, a true Saint in all respects ; he comes from time to time incognito to Paris, to preach Penitence to Sinners, and especially to such Sinners, as being

ad-

addicted altogether to the Pleasures of this World, are like lost Sheep, who being gone astray, are upon the Brink of tumbling into the Precipice of Hell. The good Man being very ready to believe every word she told him, gave me a favourable Reception, and you may imagine, I took care to act the Hypocrite and Father of Penitence to the Life, and that when he ask'd my Blessing, I was sure to give it him very plentifully, wishing him a thousand Temporal and Spiritual Prosperities, and an Encrease of Riches and Honours in his Family. He was so well pleased with my tender Expressions, that kissing my Hand, he pray'd me most earnestly to stay at his House for some days, which I liked extreamly well, being at that time in Love with the Countess, as she said she was with me. Madam, I give you leave to guess, continued he Laughing, what blessed Reformation of Life I preach'd, and what glorious Precepts of Morality I infused into her ; for I pretended to address

my

my Prayers every Day to the Saints, and all the happy Intelligences of the Paradise after the Sanctification of all such good Souls as the Count and Countess's were.

One Night, Madam, as we were at Supper, after having imparted them my Benediction, the Count d'Olone ask'd me with a Pious Look, unto what Saint belonged that Holy Relick I wore fastned to a thick Cord, wherewith I ty'd my upper Garment instead of a Girdle ; and whether I found not a great Inconveniency in my long Beard ? No, Sir, said I, lifting up my Eyes towards Heaven, the hopes of attaining to Celestial Beatitude, makes us poor Hermits insensible of every thing on Earth, our whole time being taken up with nothing but Pious and Sanctify'd Thoughts. Father, cry'd the Count d'Olone touch'd to the Heart, 'tis true, we poor Mortals can't sufficiently admire those Blessings Heaven pours out upon such Persons as you are, who are not in the least discomposed at seeing your self debar'd from the Pleasures

sures of this World, and of your Senses.
 You are plump, have a fresh Colour, and
 live with Content, tho' you feed in your
 Hermitage upon nothing but Roots and
 Milk Meats; these are strange Won-
 ders, past the Apprehension of so mise-
 rable a Sinner as I am. Sir, answered
 I, I don't live at all times upon such
 spare Dyet, it happens pretty often that
 I feed upon all sorts of Meats, without
 distinction, such as the Creator of Na-
 ture has bestow'd upon Mankind for
 their Benifit; we are not forbidden by
 the Rules of our Order, to eat Flesh and
 other things upon an occasion, provided
 we abstain from Women, a Woman be-
 ing the forbidden Fruit to us. But pray
 Father, reply'd the Count with a
 Compassionate Air, what can you do
 when you feel the Temptations of ~~the~~
 Flesh within you? You, who are in the
 Bloom of your Youth, and in perfect
 Health, certainly you undergo a kind
 of Martyrdom in that respect, and
 therefore this your Chaste and Glorious
 way of living, deserves a high Reward.
 The Countess, who was ready to
 burst

burst out a Laughing, and look'd in
 my Face, had almost spoil'd the
 whole Sport, but soon recollecting
 my self, and acting the Serious part
 to a nicety, I told the Count with a
 very Modest Air ; Sir, I am sensible,
we are Men, and as such, like others,
are subject to the Temptations of the
Rebellious Flesh, but -thanks be to my
good Angel, it never disturbs me ; for
by incessant Prayers to that good Saint,
whose Relicks I wear about me, I have
overcome the World, and the Entice-
ments of our Senses, I mean of those
Senses which operate by the Touch,
but not by those that act by the
Taste ; for were I deprived of the
Taste, I could not, as for instance tell
you, that your Wine is admirably good,
as well as your Meats, wherewith you
and your Lady having pleased to enter-
tain me, and for which I owe you a
thousand Obligations, not questioning
but that it will be doubly retaliated to
you by the Holy Fecunda, whose Re-
licks I have by me. And good Father,
 said the Countess taking them in her
 Hand,

Hand, *whose are the rest?* I will tell you, Madam, reply'd I fixing my Eyes on the Ground, *these are some Hairs of the Honourable Parts of St. Francis de Sale, and a small piece of the Heel of St. Ignatius's Slipper, some of the Virgin Cletildi's Toe-Nails, which she used to let grow to a prodigious length, and a small piece of St. Antonia's Maidenhead, which was found after her Death enclosed in a certain Rose in her Garden, which never faded, but every Summer encreased in Beauty.* The Dutcheſs of ——— who was extreamly pleased with the Count de Guiche's Relation, told him, striking him gently on the Shoulder and Laughing most heartily, *you are an arch Wag, Count, at inventing so many Drolleries, pray, let me desire you to go on. I will with all my Heart, answered he in an obliging manner, if I am not troublesome to you, and you will be pleased to hear me. No, no, said she, go on, you act your part too well, to be soon tired with it.*

The

The Count d' Olone, Madam, reply'd the Count de Guiche, who was by when his Wife touching the Relicks, would needs also touch them, and told me with a great deal of Devotion; Oh! good Father, whose is this little Skin? Sir, reply'd I coldly, this is the Maidenhead of St. Hypolita, who has given it into the Custody of the Founder of the Hermits, who keep it each in turn by succession, and who are bound to preserve it entire as a most Holy and Precious Relick. Oh! Father, cry'd the Count, a most Sacred and Valuable Piece, you are entrusted with; surely no Body must touch it except your self, for fear of defiling it. Neither do I suffer every Body to touch it, said I, unless I know them to be Holy, and not subject to the Temptations of the Flesh. You are very much in the right on't, Father, reply'd the Countess acting the Zealot, to preserve these precious Relicks undefiled, for every Body is desirous to have some Relicks of Saints, because they have a great Vertue of curing People of many other-
wife

licks,

licks, Sir, said the Dutchess of —
 Smiling, you made so much noise of,
 on purpose to put upon such poor simple
 Wretches as the Count d' Olone is.
 They were of my own making, Madam,
 return'd the Count de Guiche coldly,
 I spent, continued he, some Days lon-
 ger very merrily with the Countess, be-
 ing very kindly entertain'd by her good
 Spouse, who often would give me an
 Opportunity of being with her in pri-
 vate, in hopes I might make her a Con-
 vert; and to speak the truth, I gave
 her most excellent Precepts of Morality
 over the Left Shoulder, and put such
 pleasing Instructions into her Mind,
 that she soon became a very learned Scho-
 lar, and outdid me in little time in
 the Practicall part, having been under
 the Tuition of several able Masters be-
 fore: At last, being obliged to take my
 leave of my dear Scholar, her Husband
 gave me a thousand Thanks for those
 Pious Lessons I had bestow'd upon his
 Lady; in retaliation of which, I gave
 him my Blessing, and of many other
 Saints, and so ended the Story.

And

And can you believe otherwise, Count, reply'd the Dutchess with a Serious Air, that Heaven will not punish you for thus acting your Fooleries under the Cloak of Religion, and thus imposing upon the Credulity of others, who mean no harm? Truly I would not be in your place for all the World. Lord, Madam, reply'd the Count Laughing, what would you have Young People do, when they are in Love? Love and Devotion seldom agree long together, and Young Lovers seldom trouble their Heads much with Religion. I find it is so, reply'd the Dutchess, by what you have told me. But does the Countess still receive so many Visits as she used to do, from the Marquis de Beuveron, and Monsieur de Castille, that Young Rampant Bully. I believe, Madam, reply'd the Countess Smiling, for I was told not long ago, that at this time she is in Love with Abbots to a high degree of Folly; and that the two Abbots Villerceau and Fouquet attend her Day and Night; these Gentlemen with little Bands are better

Masters in the Art of Love, than poor Jack de Castille is ; with whom she was forced to act her part to a Tutor, and to instruct him what he was to do. To speak the truth, continued he merrily, I pity a Woman of her Temper when she is so hard put to it, as to be forced to teach her Gallant his Lesson, and guide him with her own Hand to his Business. You are very unlucky, Count, said the Dutchess with a pleasing Air, thus to run upon the poor Novices of Love ; you would not have every Body be as expert in that Art as you ? Tho, if I may freely tell you my Sentiments upon that Point, I should not much fancy such a raw and rough-hew'd Lover, it requires some Knowledge and Experience, to venture upon a Woman who has a tender Heart. You say nothing but what is very true, Madam, saith the Count de Guiche, a Man that pretends to Gallantry, ought to make himself Master of that Art, if he intends to act with good success : But, Madam, added he, what is your Opinion, concerning Madam de Chastillon,

tillon, and her Love Intrigues? who not satisfied with the tender Addresses of the Prince of Conde, makes not the least Conscience of entertaining several other Rivals, that are far below him in every respect. And who do you think, my dear Count, said the Dutchess, are these Rivals; are they the Duke of Nemours, and my Lord Coadjutor, who rivals the Prince of Conde? O! Madam, reply'd the Count, these are taken in only to make up the number of her other Gallants; I know her Favourite Lover, 'tis Father Jambiac; ~~she~~ Loves him as dearly as her own Life, and shews all the Duke of Nemours, and the Coadjutor's Letters to him. I am strangely surprized at what you say, Count, reply'd the Dutchess, and were it not so very late, I would desire you to relate me the whole Story of it, with all its Circumstances. Soon after Day-break beginning to appear, made the Dutchess of — sensible that the Presence of a beloved Lover, is seldom troublesome to a Woman, and at the same time that

it was time to part, for fear of being surprized by the Duke of ——— who was abroad at Play, and expected home every Minute.

The Count being withdrawn, and the Dutchess got into Bed, entertain'd her self with the pleasing Idea's of the great and rare Qualifications of her Lover, his pleasant and diverting Humour, his engaging Air, his Submission, his Respect; and to be short, with every thing that had engaged her Heart to love him to that degree as she did. The greatest part of her time, whilst she was in Bed, being taken up with these delightful Thoughts, she did not rise the next Day till pretty late.

On the other hand the Duke of O——s, seemingly reflecting on what the Dutchess had told him in their late Quarrel, meaning the Countess *d' Olone*, resolved to break off that Intrigue, which was no hard matter for him to do, considering his Temper, which was not strongly inclined

clined to Women : But to make his Appearance at Court, in the Station of a Man of Gallantry, he would needs act the Lover *en passant*, and make his Addresses to the Countess *de Mora*, who was so much admired by the King himself, that he would often say, in presence of many other Fair Ladies, that were he not pre-engaged, he would make his Love Addresses to none but her self ; for which he was sometimes censured among the Ladies, who would look upon his Expressions, as somewhat disobliging in a Monarch, who always profess'd a great deal of Gallantry and Passion for the Fair Sex.

The Duke of O——s, encourag'd by the King, offer'd all his Addresses and Sighs to the Countess, and made her several most magnificent Presents. One Day when the Ladies were abroad a Hunting along with the King, the Duke, disguised in a Gypsies Habit, placed himself in a Wood, pretending to tell them their good Fortunes. The Prince *de Conti*, and

the Count *de Lude*, happen'd to come by that way with some of the Ladies, call'd the Fortune-teller to them, who told abundance of pleasing Curiosities to several Ladies and Lords, but more especially to the Dutchess of ——— and the Countess *de Mora*, who were both very desirous to know of her what was to befall them, to their Satisfaction, in the future course of their Lives. She was seated under an old crooked Tree all covered with Moss, (where she said she used often to take her rest) and rising at last from her Seat, took hold of the Dutchess of ——— Hand ; *Thou art born*, said she, *under a happy Constellation ; the Sun of France was in its highest Exaltation at the time of your Nativity ; both the great Luminaries, one whereof governs the Day and the other the Night, were in a favourable Aspect.* The Dutchesses Colour came into her Face, fearing lest this Sorceress should tell her before all the Company, concerning her Assignations with the Count *de Guiche*,

Guiche, took the first opportunity of going from her, and putting the Countess of Mora in her place; *You have told me enough, good Woman*, said she somewhat discomposed, *here look into this Ladies Hand*. No, no, cry'd the pretended Sorceress, *draw nearer, I have something more to say to you, and which I can't forbear to tell you; I read in your Physiognomy, that you have a Heart full of Tenderness*. How canst thou tell that, good Woman? return'd the Dutchess Laughing. *Madam*, said she looking stedfastly at her, *I can tell it by your Hairs and Eyes, which discover the true Inclinations of most People; Our Authors have written abundance of things concerning the difference of Hairs and Eyes; which are, as Aristotle tells us, the Looking-glasses of the Soul, and the faithful Interpreters of the Motions of our Hearts*. As far as I can see, good Woman, thou art a Learned Gypsie, said the Dutchess interrupting her with a smile, *where was it thou didst go thro' thy Course of Philosophy? Every*

where, Madam,, said the feign'd Sorceress, I have learn'd a great deal by Experience, having told to a Million of People their Fortunes, whom I knew to the very most hidden Secrets of their Hearts, whereby and by the Conversation I have had with the most Famous Magicians in the World, who obliged me with their Instructions, I have attained to the full and perfect knowledge of this Art. At that rate, said the Dutches of — retreating backwards, Thou'rt a very dangerous Woman. Not so much as you think for, Madam, cry'd the Fortune-teller, I am very Complaisant to Persons of Merit, and shall be so in particular, to a Lady so Charming as you are : Knowledge, continued she, indues us with Mildness and an easie Temper, and makes us never to do evil but but to such as are so unfortunate as to deserve it ; then give me leave to tell you, what I was going to say concerning your Hairs, which are Fair, and your Eyes Blue ; such Persons are most commonly full of Languishment and Love, sometimes beyond

yond what is agreeable to their Husbands ; following the Inclinations of their Stars who guide them ; and as for you, handsome brown Lady, added she, turning herself to the Countess of Mora, you are of a brisk and sprightly Temper, and subject to the same Accidents, which are now so current, and so much in Fashion in the World. The Duke, who had forbore laughing hitherto, could not contain himself any longer from bursting out into a laughter at the foolish Curiosity of these Women, which made some of the Company say, *this Sorceress plays the Fool with us* : The King, who is always very generous, ordered some Pistoles to be given her, after which every body gets on Horseback and into their Coaches again.

The Duke of O—s who had caused his Hunting Apparel to be brought to a place at a great distance from the Wood, soon threw off his Gypsies Habit and put on his own, which done he got on Horseback, and overtaking the Company
in

in a full Gallop, told them, *he was heartily sorry, some very important Business had detained him, much against his will, at home, and robb'd him for some time of the Enjoyment of so charming a Company.* O! Sir, cry'd the Countess de Mora, *what pity 'tis you did not come a few moments sooner, you wou'd have burst your self with laughing, to hear what Tricks we were told by a certain Gypsie, whom we met with in the midst of the next Wood ; and what good News did she tell you, Madam,* answer'd the Duke with much indifferency, *who was it, that diverted you so well.* The Dutchess of . . . who began to mistrust it might be the Duke who had play'd the Sorceress, tipp'd the wink upon the Countess, to say no more of the matter, and so no more was heard of the Gypsie.

They went strait to *St Clere*, where the Duke of O——s had prepared a most magnificent Repast, and a Ball, whereat appeared abundance of Masters. The Duke, whose Inclinations

clinations were at that time altogether bent upon the Countess, was always at her Elbow, which was no small addition to her Vanity, the rest of the Lady's, who soon perceived it, from that time conceived a most mortal spite against her, a thing frequently to be observed among Women, who can't without a great heartburning see a gallant Man offer his Incences and Homage to their Companions. The Duke delighted no less in his growing Passion, than the Countess glory'd in her Vanity; and 'twas this which made the most refined at Court soon make their Observations, that she acted a Votive of Vain Glory, and he out of a desire of being look'd upon as a Man of Gallantry, and to regain his Reputation in the Court, some of whom entertain'd but very indifferent Sentiments of him on that account. 'Tis no wonder then, if this Love Intrigue which had nothing that was solid, or suitable to its nature, to support it, was of no long

long continuance : Madam *de Montesperan* and the Countess *de Mora*, unto whom the Duke had given some account of this Passion, seeing their Quarrel revenged in some measure, by finding their Rival in the same Rank with themselves, were not sparing to enlarge upon the Matter in their Discourses, which coming to the King's Ear, he generously took the Countesses part so far, as to order them not to speak of it any more, unless they intended to disoblige him.

Mademoiselle de la Valiere, happening to be one day in Company, where they talk'd with much heat of this Adventure, told them with a loud Voice but a very engaging Air, in the King's Presence ; *Sir, Our Sex may now call themselves truly happy and fortunate, because it enjoys the Protection of the Most Potent King of the Universe. O ! Mademoiselle, reply'd this Monarch with a Tender and Gallant Air, were all Iadies like you, there would be no great occasion*
for

for taking their Part, and giving them Protection : Their Merits alone would be sufficient to support them against all the attempts of the worst of their Enemies and to plead in their behalf. Alas, Sir, reply'd she with a Languishing Tone, it were to be wish'd, that all Men had the same Heroick Sentiments as your Majesty has ; we should not make such a despicable and unhappy Figure in the World ; but good Heavens ! How few are there who can pretend to the same Character, and treat us in an honourable manner ! This ought nevertheless, Mademoiselle, reply'd the King looking stedfast on her, to be the Character of a Man of Honour, to act with Probity and Sincerity in reference to the Fair Sex ; what Advantage does a Man get in deceiving a Woman, and afterwards to divert himself at her Cost ? Certainly nothing in the World can be more disingenuous than such a manner of proceeding, directly contrary to all the Rules of Generosity, which ought to be the inseparable Companion of Persons
of

of a high Extraction ; and therefore we see, that these ill designing Methods are most commonly practised by Persons of a mean Spirit and Birth. The Duke of O——s happening to come in, no more was said upon that Head, because he made the Conversation run (according to his wonted Custom) upon several trifling Matters ; soon after they went to Cards, till the Company parted.

The Duke who was very sensible what a noise his Passion for the Countess *de Mora* had made at Court, thought it his best way to pass it off by giving it a merry turn ; besides that he told some entertaining Passages relating to this Affair to Madam *de Longueville*, where happening to meet with Madam *de Precy*, he made his Addresses to her, but met with a cold Reception, that Lady disdaining so much as to return an Answer to his dissembling Sighs, to his so much dissatisfaction, being not used to see his Passion check'd at such a rate. To divert his Mind
from

from his Amorous Inquietudes, and to put himself into a better Humour, he thought fit to entertain some of the Court Ladies with a Divertisement upon the River, unto which they gave the Name of *Nep-tune's Feast*. The Duke of O—— here represented the God of the Seas with a Trident in his Hand, seated on a great Shell drawn by Dolphins, and follow'd by a great number of *Tritons*, who play'd upon a Seahorn with Fish Bones. The Deserts were served upon the River *Seine* by the Nymphs and *Najades* adorned with Green, and certain *Syrens* seem'd to catch with Nets what was to be served up. They brought to the Table variety of Dishes of fry'd Fish deliciously dress'd, the Dishes being garnish'd with Flowers, which the Goddess *Flora* had presented them with for that grand Feast. No sooner were the Tables clear'd, but Angling Rods were brought to each of the Ladies in small Enamell'd Baskets of different Colours; some of them cast the

the Angling Hook and Line, in hopes of catching something, but instead of Fishes, they saw several Hearts link'd to one another fasten'd to their Hooks, as likewise certain Amorous Billets, two of which we have thought fit to insert here.

*A Letter from the God of the Seas,
to the Dutcheſs of ———*

Beauty,

‘ **Y**OU who have fill’d our Wa-
 ‘ tery Pallace with so agreea-
 ‘ ble a murmuring Sound, which
 ‘ without intermiſſion puts me in
 ‘ mind of your powerful Charms
 ‘ and Enchantments, give me leave
 ‘ to let you know what Charming
 ‘ Impreſſion this pleaſing Murmuring
 ‘ noiſe has made in my Heart;
 ‘ which in the miſt of the cool
 ‘ Element, is all on Fire, and ſuch a
 ‘ Fire, as you your ſelf have raiſed
 ‘ into ſo fierce a Flame, that unleſs
 ‘ you take care to extinguiſh it, I
 ‘ ſhall

in hopes
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Hearts
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ne Seas,
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raised
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it, I
shall

' shall soon be reduc'd to Ashes.
' Goddess of Hearts, Perhaps you
' will tell me, 'tis in my Power to
' extinguish it : No, the whole O-
' cean is not enough so much as to
' cool, or to diminish its Ardour.
' One of our Rivers, one of the
' most Gallant ones that belongs to
' our Empire told me t'other day,
' of your bright shining Perfections,
' and dwel't upon that Subject much
' longer than I could have wish'd.
' Alas ! how do I read this redoubt-
' able Rival ? Should he but for
' once get out of this Watry Road
' to entertain you, I am undone, I
' have lost all my Hopes at once ;
' you will give ear sooner to his
' Murmuring Addresses, than to
' mine : But remember, my Adora-
' ble Dutchess, there is a vast diffe-
' rence betwixt Hearts ; and, that
' tho we were both made of the
' same Mould, we differ very much
' in our Qualifications, the one is
' a constant, the other a fickle Lo-
' ver. The first is a Mind of rari-
' ty

' ty in this Age, when the Gods, as
 ' well as Men, take delight in chang-
 ' ing their Mistresses. I leave the
 ' Choice to your Discretion. Fare-
 ' wel, Charming Lady : Remember
 ' that the Tender Passion of a Deity,
 ' such a one as I am, ought not to
 ' be rejected.

The Second Letter to the same.

' SO long as I have carry'd my
 ' Current thro' the World, In-
 ' comparable Dutchess, I never saw
 ' so much Beauty, as that which is
 ' natural to you. *Venus* who was
 ' Born from the Ocean, can't chal-
 ' lenge the Precedency to you, and
 ' I am apt to imagine, that the Gra-
 ' ces themselves, her Favourites,
 ' have left her, to enjoy your Com-
 ' pany : Her own Son told me so
 ' this very Morning when he saw
 ' you, and at the same time struck a
 ' most dangerous Dart into my very
 ' Heart, one of those this Malicious
 ' Child

Gods, as
chang-
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Fare-
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Child

Child had pitch'd upon a very
great number of others he always
carries about him to disperse them
over the Universe, and to make it
submit to his Empire. Alas !
Lovely Goddeſs, this ſtroak has
touch'd me ſo to the Quick, as to
find it almoſt inſupportable. How-
ever, ſince I have obſerved a cer-
tain Charming Sweetneſs in your
Eyes, which ſeem to promiſe Tran-
quility to ſuch Unfortunate Men,
as you have been pleas'd to make
ſo, I have not loſt my hopes :
Don't therefore turn away thoſe
Languiſhing Stars which afford us
ſuch great and pleaſing Influences,
and which ſpeak ſo much in my
behalf ; I can't forbear to tell you,
to my Grief, that all our Rivers
are fallen in Love with you ; and
that in the vaſt extent of our Em-
pire, we hear ſcarce any thing Day
and Night, but their tender Mur-
murings, every one of them ſhew-
ing a great Eagerneſs of knowing
and ſerving you. But, amidſt all
theſe

' these Applications so full of Ar-
 ' dour and Tenderneſs, believe me
 ' Fair Dutcheſs, there is none who
 ' either in his Paſſion or Submiſſion
 ' exceeds him of the River —
 ' who will be yours for ever, with-
 ' out Reſerve or Change, if you
 ' will but Love him.

*How! I, ſaid the Dutcheſs after
 having read the Billet, I Love Ri-
 vers; no, no, they are not for my pur-
 poſe; I don't like ſuch Phlegmatick
 and Fickle Gallants; I don't Love ſo
 much Coldneſs: And beſides this, how
 can theſe Deities who are always in
 motion, talk of Conſtancy? They, I
 ſay, who cchange without intermiſſion,
 and who run through the whole Earth
 with their rapid, and always moving
 Currents; they were made for Sea and
 River Nymphs, and not for ſuch real
 Terreſtrial Numphs, ſuch as I am.
 How, Madam, reply'd a certain Gen-
 tleman who ſtood near her, do you
 imagine, that the Deities of the Seas
 and Rivers Love only in Imagination?*
 Pray

Pray be not thus mistaken, but take my word for it, they used not to grasp the Shadow instead of the Substance ; we will leave the Matter to the Decision of the Duke of O—s, he shall be our Arbitrator. The Duke who had caused these Billets to be fastned to the Hooks, with no other intention than to cast them among the Ladies, like the Apples of Discord, to sow Divisions betwixt them, every one of which flatter'd her self to meet with a Paris, who would decide in her behalf, could not forbear Laughing, to see what Jealousie this Piece of Gallantry had kindled among the Ladies, who look'd upon the Dutcheſs as their Common Enemy. This made the Duke, who had kept at a distance from her hitherto, draw nearer, and tell Madam de Lile and de Lude with a Smile : *Well, Fair Ladies, what is your Opinion of the Charms of the Dutcheſs of ——— which make so much noise on the Ocean, and have engaged the Hearts of all the Rivers ? My Opinion, Sir, is,*
return'd

return'd the first with a great deal of Modesty, that she is no less powerful on Earth, as on the Water, and that wherever she comes, she proves dangerous to Mens Hearts, and they are sure to lose their Liberty. Perhaps, Sir, added she Smiling, you have made a trial of it, notwithstanding your usual Indifferency for our Sex. Who can question it, Madam, reply'd Madam de Lude with an Envious Air, because you disguise your self for no other reason, than to have a fair opportunity of declaring to her the tender Sentiments she has inspired you with, which, as it seems, are of a fiery nature. Alas! it belongs only to the Dutches of ——— continued this Lady merrily, to set Men's Hearts on Fire to such a degree, and to lay the whole World in Ashes, before all the Waters of the Ocean are capable to extinguish it. Who has told you, Madam, reply'd the Duke, that it was on her Account I took this Disguise? I know it, Sir, said the Countess with a pretended Gravity, by a certain Foresight

sight, and by the trouble you give your self, knowing you to be very backward in entring the List of the Champions of Love. So, so, Madam, reply'd the Duke laughing aloud, then you think I am at this time advanced a great way in the Road of Venus ; you think I am come already to that fine small Path where we often lose our selves as well by Day as by Night, let a Man be never so expert a Traveller in the Empire of this Goddess. The Dutchess who was retired into a private Room, to write an Answer to the Letters address'd to her, by the Watery Diety's, returned to the Company, and told them with a merry Air, she had found out a lovely Triton, who being the prittiest Lad in the World, would serve her in the quality of a Page. Soon after, the same Triton) who was one of her Cosins) appeared disguised under the Habit of one of Neptunes Subjects, and presented to the God of Jupiter a Letter neatly folded together ;

ther; and the Duke going to one corner of the Room, read the following Lines,

*A Letter to the most Potent God
of the Seas and Rivers.*

‘ **I** Am much surprized, great Prince,
 ‘ how those Diety’s that are so
 ‘ redoubtable upon the Waters,
 ‘ should Sigh for a Mortal, beyond
 ‘ who’s Power it is to make them a
 ‘ suitable Return. Doubtless you
 ‘ don’t call to your Remembrance,
 ‘ that in the vast extent of your
 ‘ Kingdoms and in your Palaces,
 ‘ you are not destitute of Beauties,
 ‘ a thousand times more engaging
 ‘ than I am, and consequently much
 ‘ more capable of inflaming your
 ‘ Hearts, that do cry continually
 ‘ among the Caves. What you
 ‘ mention concerning your Con-
 ‘ stancy, I can scarce imagine it a
 ‘ Virtue belonging to you, unless
 ‘ you appear under the Disguise of
 some

some Watery God or River. You
your self told me, that the Wa-
tery Deities as well as those of
the Heavens, are addicted to
Change, and that *Jupiter*, the God
of Thunder, and the Head of all
the rest, has not been exempted
from this frailty. Farewell, I take
my leave of you, with this Pro-
testation, that I shall never be in
Love with them, because such
liquid and cold Lovers, are not
very suitable to my relish.

The Dutcheſs of

The Duke of O — s could not
forbear laughing for some time, after
the reading of this Letter, not que-
stioning but that the Dutcheſs, who
was Mistress of a great share of it,
had very well apprehended the
whole Mystery of his Design, which
was to make her believe, if he could,
that he was in Love with her; for
this Lady who had been overcross'd

with Lovers, some sincere, others inconstant, knew by experience how to discern a true Lover from a pretended one; so that it was no easie matter to impose upon her in point of Love, no more than in any other Business of Moment. The Duke being sensible that his Goddess had very handsomely upbraided him with his Boldness and Inconstancy, by disguising the Scile in the same manner as he had done before, rejoyn'd the Company with a merry Countenance, singing the First words of a certain Opera, which begins thus: *We are frequently deceived in our Hopes and Fancies. That is very true,* Sir, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— with much indifferency, and most especially in Love Affairs, where our hopes being built upon *unsteady Foundations* are frequently *subject to Change.* I can't deny that, said the Duke of O——s laughing *when one thinks one has* Heart in ones own Hand, it often gives you the slip in spite of all your Care and

and Caresses to keep it. What a dreadful, what a capricious thing this Love is, which very rarely suits itself to our Inclinations, but suffers us to languish, the better to obtain its own ends. I can't imagine, Sir, reply'd she with a smile, that ever you received any dangerous Wounds in the Field of Venus, because I suppose you never laid so near Siege to any Place of strength. How do you know that, Madam, said the Duke with a forced Complaisant Air, I much doubt it, reply'd the Dutchess turning at him, and laughing as loud as she could, you are very unlucky and malicious, Madam, return'd the Duke, throwing himself at her Feet with a most passionate Air, will you treat me thus inhuman for ever? will you have no Compassion upon a God, whom you have compelled to make his Appearance here on Earth, to declare to you, that he Loves you beyond all the Goddesses of his Empire; and that none of his Beauties of the Watry Element, could ever touch his Heart as you have done.

I can't imagine it to be Love, Sir, said the Dutchess, coldly laughing, and fixing her Eyes on him ; what would you have me do, cruel Lady, said the Duke of O——, interrupting her, and fetching some very deep Sighs, whilst he kiss'd her Hands with much Transport, your present Deportment seems to be without Disguise, and to proceed from a sincere Heart, added she with an engaging Air, but you would doubtless pass for the Phoenix of our Age, could you oblige the Fair Sex with what they have search'd for so long in vain, I mean the Philosophers Stone. You meant, said the Duke, turning the Sense another way, such as have never seen or known it : But take my word for it, Madam, I will give it you to touch, and make you sensible of all its Vertues, when it is apply'd as it ought to be. Sir, said Madam de Lude, with a seeming Innocence, is this Stone good for Diseases ? O ! most admirable, good Madam, answered the Duke Laughing, but especially for Women in a Languish-
ing

ing Condition, it has a particular Ver-
 tue to open the Obstructions of the
 Spleen, and rejoyce the Heart ; nay, it
 cures all external and internal Distem-
 pers. What the Duke of O—s is
 pleased to tell you, Madam, is nothing
 but the Truth, said the Count de Vi-
 ronne ; there is not a more Sovereign
 Remedy in the World against Pale Fa-
 ces and . . . At that rate Count,
 said the Dutchess of . . . jest-
 ingly, this Medicine would be very
 proper for one of my Young Ladies,
 who is always Languishing and out of
 Order. Put her into my Hands, Ma-
 dam, reply'd the Count Laughing,
 provided she be but Handsome, I will
 promise to Cure her, and it shall not
 cost you a Farthing : I am a Physitian,
 who at first sight can dive into the Di-
 seases of a Young Woman, and never
 fail in my Cure. Very well, Good
 Doctor, said this Lady, provided she
 is Handsome, then she pleases you ; but
 what if she should prove not so by
 chance, then the poor Creature must die
 a Martyr without Relief : You are an
 odd

odd sort of a Physitian, who have no Remedies but for Young and Handsome Women. I don't know what to say to that, Madam, reply'd the Count arising from his Seat, but this I know, that my Art will not go beyond its Bounds. Push on your Knowledge to the utmost Point, Count, said the Duke of O——s laughing and clapping him upon the Shoulder, let us see what fine Cures you are like to perform. This is my daily Business, Sir, this is all my Cure, reply'd he smiling, and if I meet with good success, I will not fail to let you know it, in hopes you will congratulate my good Fortune. I judge you will have a care of that, reply'd the Duke merrily, such Physitians as you, are seldom fond of a Confident, or of a third Person when they perform their Operations, or are making some pleasing Composition for the Ladies. Monsieur de Turenne, and the Prince de Conde, who had been talking very seriously in one of the Green Walks, concerning Matters of State, then coming into the
 Apart-

Apartment where the Company was, made the Conversation soon run up on the Affairs of War, and some other Concerns of Moment, whilst the Duke of O—s and those that had attended him laid by the Disguise, after which they diverted themselves with walking in a Meadow covered with Flowers, in the midst whereof was a very curious Spring, unto which *Madam de Lude* gave the Name of *Narcissus*, because she observed the Count *de Vironne* busie in looking into and admiring his Beauty in an adjacent Brook, which had its rise from thence. The Dutchess of *Nemours*, who was not unacquainted with the Count's Amorous Inquietudes, who was indulging his Splenetick Thoughts, joyn'd her agreeable Voice with the melodiousness of the Birds, under some Trees, and Sung the following Words :

*Whence proceeds this Extremity of
my Misfortunes ?*

*My Heart is not satisfy'd with
whatever I do :*

*Oh ! Little Cupid, who once was the
Object of my Scorn,
Are not these Misfortunes the Ef-
fects of thy Revenge ?*

*No, Madam, said the Count de
Vironne accosting her, my Complaints
are founded upon another Motive, Love
has not as yet triumph'd over my Heart
nor subdued my Strength. Then you
are very happy, Sir, cry'd the Dutchess
with a Sigh, among all the Passions
unto which Mankind are subject to,
none is so dreadful and powerful as
Love ; even its Pleasures have an in-
termixture of Cruelty ; notwithstanding
which, they are the chief Objects of all
our Wishes, and all other Pleasures,
without these, make but a slender Im-
pression. Don't dissemble the Matter,
continued she Laughing, were not
these Sighs I heard you send forth near
the*

the Banks of this Brook, the effects of a tender Passion? And I know very well, that Charming Person to whom they were directed: But perhaps, you are afraid, as indeed it is natural to all Tender Hearts to be, that even the strongest Tyes and Knots may be worn out in time, and that even the most Amorous Heart that can be, may recover its Tranquility or change for a new Passion. The Count was just going to make a suitable return to the Dutches, when the Company coming up with them, they saw themselves obliged to break off this Conversation, and Night beginning to draw near, every one prepared for their return home.

The Dutches of ——— who had no inclination to be present at this Feast upon the Water, because she intended to bestow these precious Hours in the Duke's Absence, in entertaining the Count *de Guiche*, who did not leave her for one moment all that while; in retaliation of which, she told him all the most
Tender

Tender and most Passionate Things in the World, as that she loved him, if it were possible, even beyond her own self, that she had never loved any thing like him in all her Life: The Count returning these Demonstrations of Tenderness with the most Gallant Expressions that can be conceived, these two Lovers, full of Content, enjoy'd all the Happiness so uncommon a Love as theirs, is of, when they heard the Duke of O——s was come. You may guess at their Disquiet, when they found themselves thus disturbed in the midst of their Pleasures, the Count being then at the Feet of his Adorable Dutcheß. This made him fetch a very deep Sigh, and then arising from the Ground, he made all the haste he could to get away (according to the Dutcheßes Directions) by a pair of private Back Stairs, believing that the Door had been open; but as ill Fortune would have it, the Duke of O——s having taken the Key along with him, was just then coming

coming up the Stairs, with an Intention to come unawares upon the Dutchess, whom he supposed to be alone. The Count *de Guiche*, who knew his Steps, had no other way left him, than to go back to the Dutchess of ——— Apartment, which she had Lock'd, being gone into another Room, as not doubting, but that he was got away safe enough ; so that the poor Count, seeing not the least Opportunity to conceal himself, leap'd out of the Window into a Gallery, and so run away as fast as Lightning, wrapt up in his Cloak : In this Posture, he pass'd several Centinels, who knowing him by sight, and guessing, tho' at a distance, at the matter, let him escape undisturbed. The Duke of ——— who had heard some noise on the top of the Stair-case, and in the Dutchess of ——— Room, took a great deal of Pains to search every corner thereabouts, and calling for Candles, as they were brought up, and looking upon the
Stairs,

Stairs, whether some Troublesome Spirit had not taken up his Residence there, the Dutchess of ——— Picture was found there enclosed in an Enamell'd Case with the Count's Name in Cyphers above it, besides a most Passionate *Billet deux*, the Dutchess had sent him that Morning ; and which the Count, dreading the Duke's Presence no less than a Burnt Child does the Fire, had dropt, together with the Picture, as he was running away. As good Fortune would have it, this Precious Jewel happened to fall into the Hands of one of the Dutchess of ——— Ladies, who had the Wit to hide it, as soon as she found it. One of the Duke of O—— Gentlemen seeing her put it up in her Pocket, urged her much to let him see what good thing she had met with, but she remembring that it must belong to the Count *de Guiche*, who had been all that Day with the Dutchess, would not grant his Request.

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The Duke of — was no sooner a little appeased, and the noise over, but this Young Woman, who was very trusty to the Dutchess, having look'd upon the Picture, and finding whose it was, went to the Lady's Apartment, and told her with a Smile; *Madam, you can't imagine how ill an Humour the Duke is in to Night; I believe he fancies he is haunted with Visions, he has search'd every corner in this part of the Palace; and had it not been for me, he had found upon the little Back Stairs, a Picture-case, belonging to the Count de Guiche, which he lost as he was going away. Alas ! what do you tell me, reply'd the Dutchess blushing; poor Count, has he dropt the Case wherein he put my Picture with so much care? Pray who has found it? Madam, reply'd the Young Lady Smiling, I guess 'tis in the Hands of a Person, where Fortune thought fit to put it. Perhaps in yours, my Dear, reply'd the Dutchess looking in her Face. Yes, Madam, thanks to Heaven, Chance would*

would order it so, return'd she presenting it to her. 'Tis certain, Mademoiselle, said the Dutchess, the Duke is of a very odd Temper, his Jealousie and Mistrust will never leave him; till he goes to the Grave; what could come in his Head to make him come up by this pair of Stairs to my Apartment, and to raise such a disturbance there; but after all I can't forbear Laughing, when I consider what a Fright he put the poor Count in, who no more than my self expected his coming home so early; O how heartily he vexes by this time, when he misses his Picture-case out of his Pocket. No doubt on't, Madam, reply'd the young Lady, we are often much concerned for things of less Value, and this is of the greatest consequence to him; for since you had so much Goodness as to bestow your Picture upon him, it must needs be very dear and precious to him. I could wish my self at this time, my Dear, reply'd the Dutchess of—— to be the same Picture the Duke fancied was upon the Stairs, that so I might be

a Witness of his Inquietude and Vexation ; what pretty Names, I warrant you, he gives to himself, how he calls his Destiny Unfortunate, how often he accuses his Ill Fortune with being dull, blind, without discretion, and I know not what all, because, forsooth, she would treat him at that rate ? I durst say, never was a Man as he thinks at this time, born under so malignant a Planet, which makes every thing he undertakes to turn to his Destruction. These extravagant and hyperbolical Expressions, Madam, said Mrs. Mantales Laughing, are frequent among Courtiers, and Passionate Lovers, who are sure to magnify every thing at least by one half. They never feel any indifferent Pains, nor slight Punishments ; in the Empire of Hearts, the Men seldom shed any Tears in any lesser Quantity than what would make us a good handsome River, sufficient to bare Vessels of Burthen ; sometimes they die a thousand times in a Year, without so much as having the least Thought of Death. Such Figures and Embellishments

ments Love furnishes its Admirers with to appear the more Gallant, and talk in the true Language of Lovers, nothing is more common and in the Mode, than for a Man when he lies at the Feet of his Mistress, to tell her, That unless she has Compassion upon him and his Miseries, his infallible Fate is at hand, that he must die a Martyr of Love, that she must needs be of a very cruel and inhuman Nature, to be insensible and without Pity for a Lover in Despair. These are the daily Offerings these Gentlemen regale us withal, were we but Fools enough to believe what they say, their Sighs would soon be at an end : But Madam, I can frankly tell you, continued she, that nothing vexes me more, than when I see some of your Sex thus cajoled away by these Grimaces of a Gallant : I wish to Heavens, cry'd she, I was endued with such Qualifications, as to make them fall in Love with me, I assure you, I would pretty well secure my Conquest, before I would suffer them to enjoy the least rest ; Opposition adds to the Pleasure,

sure, whereas if the Conquest prove ea-
sie, it soon loses its Value, and true
Relish. The Dutcheß of ———
who delighted extreamly in the
Company of this young Woman,
who had a great deal of Wit, and
was highly beloved by her Mistress,
could not forbear Laughing, and
told her, At that rate, my Dear, you
would be very cruel to your Lovers ;
they would be very Unfortunate, and
not very long liv'd under so Rigorous
a Government as yours. Madam, re-
ply'd she with a pleasing Air, I ne-
ver had many Adorers, but such as
Destiny sent in my way, I took care to
make them sensible, that nothing is
actually Charming, unless it be dearly
bought ; a Rigorous and fierce Deport-
ment are infinitely becoming a Woman,
especially if they are Aimable and
Charming : 'Tis one of the most com-
mendable and most peculiar Ingredients
to keep their Gallants ; I think nothing
more easier in the World, than for a
Woman to get a whole Tribe of Sigh-
ing Admirers, but 'tis a difficult Task,
'tis

'tis a Rarity to keep them for any time. These are the chief Qualities of Gallants, in like Trifles they bestow their Talent, said the Dutchess Smiling, but after all, don't you believe, that one Sex as well as the other, are tired out with those old worn out Sighs, they have been pester'd with for many Years together, and which being nothing but Repetitions of the same thing, make no further Impression upon us. You know there is but one God of Love in the World, who infuses his Sentiments, which are unalterable and not to be renew'd ; whence it is, that old Lovers have always the same Notions, and make use of the same Language ; whereas, on the other hand, a new Passion furnishes us every Moment with an infinite number of engaging Words and Actions, which are exceeding delightful.

The Dutchess of ——— had scarce spoke these last words, when a Page came to tell her, that the Duke of ——— staid for her coming to Supper ; so soon as he saw her,

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her, he went to meet her, and conducting her to the Table, *Where was you, Madam,* said he, *about an Hour ago, I look'd for you in your own Lodging Room, in hopes to surprize you, and to give you an account of my Disguisement, and what pleasure I took in putting upon the Ladies.* Sir, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— coldly, *I was then in my little Closet at Prayers, reflecting upon the Vanity of the World, and was not a little surpris'd, when I heard a dreadful noise in my Chamber, you are so often troubled with these Fancies, that I can't for my Life guess at the reason of it; I suppose you think I have a certain Spectre there, I keep in my own Pay.* 'Tis most certain, Madam, reply'd the Duke not without some Passion, *that I heard a noise in your Room, and upon the Stairs as I was coming up, but could not find out who it was that made it; but one of your Young Women, who was one of those that search'd every corner among the rest, can witness it: For my part, Madam,* added the Duke
Laugh.

Laughing, I am apt to believe, that the Spectre you just now spoke of, has his Residence there in your Absence. Perhaps it may be so, Sir, reply'd the Dutchess with a fierce Countenance, you had best put some Centinels thereabouts to catch it if you can ; but it is no easie matter to find out a Spirit that appears no where, except in our Imagination. You take me for a Fantastical Man, Madam, reply'd the Duke laughing ; you are addicted that way I am afraid, Sir, said the Dutchess with a smile, because when ever you have been abroad upon your Diversions, you always fancy upon your return home, to see something in your way. These, Madam, are the Remnants, reply'd the Duke very obligingly, of the pleasant Ideas I conceive in the Company of my Friends, which don't leave me so soon, but following me where ever I go, cause these Chimerical Visions in my Brain. Be that as it will, reply'd she with much indifferency, these Fancies are not very becoming a Person of your Rank in

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the World ; if you will take my word for it, I would banish these Notions out of my Thoughts ; I will do it Madam, because you desire it, reply'd the Duke laughing, in hopes to oblige you for ever. That is well, Sir, said the Dutchess interrupting him, sitting down at Table, and eating her Supper, without scarce speaking one word. Supper being over, each of them went to their Apartments, where they spent part of the Night in recollecting the Adventures of the Day. The Duke thought of nothing else but his Disguise, and the Dutchess of what Inquietudes the Count *de Guiche* in all probability labour'd under, for having lost his Picture and Case she had presented him with. The next Day in the Morning, this Lover full of Impatience, pay'd her a Visit *incognito*, whilst she was yet in Bed ; where he kneel'd upon the Ground with all the Marks of a most passionate Submission. The Dutchess of ——— who always bore a share in his Affections

fections, when she saw him in that
 Posture, offer'd him her Snow white
 Hand, and told him with a charm-
 ing Air, *arise Count, I can't see you
 thus, come seat your self in that Elbow
 Chair just by the Bed.* Most Incom-
 parable Lady, reply'd he, fastning his
 Mouth to her fair Hands with an
 excess of Passion, *permit me to enjoy
 for some Minutes longer, the pleasure
 I feel in this Posture, which is beyond
 my Power to express at this time. What
 then is it you have to tell me, dear
 Count,* reply'd she with a tender and
 engaging Air? *What I would say,
 Madam,* reply'd he sighing; *alas!*
*I lost yesterday as I went from you,
 that precious Pledge of your Love you
 were pleased to bestow upon me; but I
 know not what lucky thought fore-
 tells me, I shall once more see this
 charming Piece again.* Your Stars
 Count, answered the Dutchess of
 ——— with assurance, *has deceiv'd
 you, for I have not seen the things you
 look for; and what is it you have lost,
 that so nearly afflicts and vexes you:*
 O!

O ! Madam, you know it well, cry'd he looking steadfast on her, 'tis what I value beyond any thing else in the World, pray restore it to me, if you would have me live for a few Hours longer. If your Life depends on a Picture-case, poor Languishing Man, said the Dutchess merrily, come take it, but be more careful of it another time. Mrs. Montalet found it upon the Back Stairs, and had it not been for her, the Duke, who you know is often a hunting of Spirits, because you are like them, had certainly found it : Consider what Troubles and Vexations you would have occasioned me, if such a Misfortune had befall'n us ? 'Tis very true, Madam, said the Count with an engaging Air, but if you did but know, how I dread the Duke of ——— Presence, nay, even when I do but hear him coming, I actually forget myself, I know not who or where I am, and therefore have the greater Obligations to the Lovely Finote, who has already more than once delivered me from such like Dangers. I have given

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her

her the right Name ; and am glad I hit it so well.

Mrs. Montalet, who had heard every word the Count said of her, came running on a sudden into the Dutchels of ——— Chamber ; *I have another Opportunity of serving you, Count, cry'd she, hide your self in this By-place, else you will certainly be catch'd by his Highness.* So the Count went into the Place the young Lady shew'd him, where they used to keep some of their Glasses and Bottles. The Duke no sooner came into the Room, but seeing a China Orange lying upon her Table, he cut it, and was going to throw the Peel into that place where the Count was, it being near the Chimney ; but the young Lady perceiving his Intention, drawing near him with a singular Dexterity ; *Pray, Sir, said she Laughing, give it me, I love it extreamly, it is most excellent for the Stomach.* The Duke, who little dream'd of the Count's being in that place so early in the Morning,

wil-

willingly gave it her. *I thank you, Sir, said Montalet, making a profound Reverence, and eating it with all the pretended Eagerness in the World ; O ! how fine and delicious it is, added she. Especially, said the Dutchess Laughing, when it comes from the Duke. Very true, Madam, reply'd she very obligingly, I am apt to believe, that its delicious Taste is owing to him, because he has eat of it. You have a mind to make your self merry, you charming pretty Eyes, I shall take Revenge of your Complaisance. O ! Sir, I hope, reply'd the young Woman modestly, your Revenge will keep within the bounds of Moderation, and do me no hurt. I can't promise you that, my Dear, said the Dutchess interrupting and looking at her, the Duke is more dangerous than you think for ; sometimes a small matter troubles and vexes him, and if he should meet you in the Night time he would certainly take you for a Spectre or for a*

The Duke of — finding that the Dutchess retained still in fresh Memory the last Nights Adventure, took his leave of her, intending to go to the *Italian* Comedians, who were to present a Play, wherein the said Duke was to act a Part in the *Judgment of Paris* ; he being seated at the Foot of a very old Tree near a Rock, in the midst of his Sheep, where the Three Goddesses came to offer their Caresses and vast Promises to him, each in hopes of obtaining his Judgment in behalf of their Beauty : But at last *Venus* with her Natural Graces touches and wounds his Heart, promises him infinite Charms and Pleasures, if he will bestow the Apple he held in his Hand, upon her ; which he does accordingly, and with a most Passionate tender Air, *It belongs to you as your due*, says he, *Queen of Hearts*, and *the Fair Lady you so much boast of to me*. Yes, dear Paris, I will keep my Promise, cry'd the Goddess squeezing his Hand, with a tender Look, if
 thou

thou durst but Love, thy Business is done; thou shalt Enjoy her without reserve, for I will touch her Heart so to the Quick, that she shall not be able to resist thee. Farewel, I leave you full of this delightful Idea, do thou thy part, and I will perform mine. The Duke acted his Part to Admiration, and after he came out of the Playhouse, paid a Visit to Madam Montespan, unto whom he gave an account of his Comical Disguises.

The Dutchess of — who was not a little pleased to see her self so soon freed from the Duke's Importunities, by reason of the Count's Imprisonment, laugh'd heartily, as well as Mrs. Montalet, when they saw the poor Count come out of his Prison, with a pale Countenance, like a frightened Huguenot: 'Twas high time, Madam, said he, to release me, I never suffered so much in all my Life time before. I am very sensible of it, Count, reply'd the Dutchess Laughing, but come recover your self and go home, for fear of a-

nother Surprise. The Count *de Guiche* obey'd the Dutcheſſes Orders, tho' not without much Reluctancy; but as he was juſt going out, he deſired they might take a Walk together, unto which ſhe return'd him no Answer, becauſe ſhe happened at that time to be out of order, according to the ordinary Courſe of Women, which made the Count look much diſcontented and penſive; but when the Dutcheſs told him, he muſt come in the Afternoon to play at Cards, he went his way very well ſatisfy'd, and fail'd not to return at the appointed time, when theſe two Lovers entertain'd one another with all the Satisfaction that could be, becauſe the Duke was abſent, and divers other Ladies of Quality were there, attended by their Gallants. After they had done playing, they were regaled by the Dutcheſs, with a magnificent Collation and a Conſort of Muſick, till very late at Night. The Company being gone, and the Count *de Guiche* among the reſt, the
Dutcheſs

Dutchess went into her Closet, where she diverted her self with reading a Novel, representing a certain Cavalier, passionately in Love with a very handsome Nun; a kind of a Rarity in this present changeable Age, where even the most Gallant and most Constant Men, are not easily induced to enter into a faithful and durable Engagement with a Woman: That volatile God, who influences their Hearts with his Pleasures, and who inspires into them such Sentiments as are conformable to his Inclinations; Run, says this Child of *Venus*, run from one handsome Woman to another, gather all the Flowers and Fruits that light in your way, never miss a good Opportunity; this is the way to make you happy, without troubling your self with a long and tedious Intrigue, which does more harm than good; this is the Lesson Love most commonly gives to the Gallants of our Age. But let us look back towards the Dutchess of

—— who could not but be highly pleased with the Character of the Hero, whose Story she was reading in the Novel. *How*, cry'd she by intervals, *is it possible People should Love one another for so long a time?* The Bonds of so long a Friendship, must needs wear out, and certainly 'tis tiresome to say and hear the same thing over and over again; I don't in the least wonder, that Men leave their Mistresses, no more than I do at their abandoning their Gallants: A new Passion contains the true Relish of Love: How many engaging and tender Diversions does it not carry along with it? Whereas Old and Languishing Sighs, and threadbare Addresses, are only tiresome and Vexations. These were the Dutcheſſes Thoughts upon this Story, which perhaps you may see her put in practice in good time.

Now let us Enquire what is become of the Duke of —— who, we told you, had been relating his Comical Adventures to the Marchioness

ness of *Montespan*. This Lady seeing the Duke to persist in his Addresses to her, frankly own'd that she Lov'd him, and to keep her Heart only for him, had rejected the Offers made her by several Eminent Lords. *I believe it, Madam, answered the Duke Laughing, even not excepting my little Cousin the Count de Lauzun, who is quite spoil'd, because the King allows him so much freedom; I am sensible he does not want Wit nor Gallantry, and may compare in that point with any of the King's Favourites; but after all, the King loving him to such a degree, makes him too bold. O! Sir, said the Marchioness with a Serious Air, did you but know with what dexterity he can manage our Monarch, you would stand amazed at it: First, he is his Confident, who knows how to represent to him all the great Heroick Qualifications of De la Valiere, and that in the finest Colours in the World, and thus insinuates himself into his Confidence; these are the Artifices the Fa-*

vourrites make use of, to bring the King absolutely over to his Interest. I will tell you sincerely, Madam, reply'd the Duke, that my Cousin de Montpensier is very fond of him, and this is another Reason, why he stands so fair in the King's Book, because she takes all Opportunities of extolling sometimes his Wit, sometimes his Person before him, so that these continual Praises coming from the Mouth of such a Person as she, 'tis impossible for his Majesty to forbear having a great Esteem for him; and what you mentioned just now, stand him in no small stead to preserve the King's good Opinion for him, because he honours with his Esteem and Good Will, all those that have either a sincere or pretended Inclination for Mademoiselle de Valieres, and he is so far prepossess'd with the powerful Charms of this young Lady, that he can discern Falshoods from Truth in that point. That is true enough, Sir, reply'd Madam Montespain Laughing, but it is not her handsome Body that Enchants the King;

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the Count de Lausune is a better Judge,
and has a much nicer Relish, than to
know better ; but to speak the Truth,
when he speaks in her praise, he is obliged
to make use of all his Dexterity and
feign'd Complaisance, continued she
with a jealous and malicious Smile,
his Aim reaches a great way beyond of-
fering his Incenses to our Gallant Mo-
narch's Beauty. However, this very
Beauty, Madam, say you what you
please of her, continued the Duke
with a merry Air, has a certain je ne
sçay quoy, which Charms and Enga-
ges this Prince to so high a degree ;
and whether it be in her Body or Mind,
he discovers in her something beyond
what he meets with in other Ladies.
It must be in her Body then, Sir, re-
ply'd the Marchioness Laughing,
that Nature has plac'd this extraordi-
nary Je ne sçay quoy ; for were it in
her Mind, this would not satisfy the
Amorous King, for in Love, the Bo-
dy bears a greater share than the Mind,
unless we have only an Imagination.
What you say, Madam, is agreeable to
 Rea-

Reason, your Thoughts are very agreeable to Truth, said the Duke interrupting her with a Smile, but I am very ready to leave his Majesty in the quiet possession of his unknown Goddess, and his *Je ne scay quoy*, which Nature perhaps has fram'd on purpose for his Pleasure: For my part, all my Thoughts are taken up with yours, which strikes with so high a Lustre into my Heart and Eyes: Pray then tell me, whether I have no Rival, and whether your Heart is not divided? No, no, dear Sir, cry'd she with a Tender Air, don't fear any thing of that kind, I Love no Body but your self; and I don't bestow my *Je ne scay quoy* upon any Body living, unless . . . : and tho', Sir, you are pleased to say, It shines in your Eyes, it lies hidden, and is hard to come at. Incomparable Lady, reply'd the Duke coldly, did the Count de Lausun never find, nor come at it, who searches into the most dark and difficult places, and enters the straitest and smallest Passages, without much opposition, as he himself will

will often tell us when he has a Glass or two of Wine in his Head. The Marchioness blush'd at these words believing no otherwise than that the Count had made his Brags of her Favours to the Duke, which he, who observ'd every Motion, soon taking notice of, told her with a Smile ; *Madam, I find your Heart betrays you, and that the Count de Lau- sun, with his piercing Eyes has found out the way to that Je ne scay quoy, so many Philosophers have search'd af- ter in vain : How, could you bestow your Favours upon so inconstant a Person as he is ? Certainly this is to be to prodigal of those Charms Na- ture has bestow'd upon you with so much Liberality. And why do you be- lieve, Sir, reply'd Madam de Montespan with a fierce Air, I have bestow'd my Favours upon the Count de Lausun ? I must have little else to do, to spend my time with the most fickle and most in- constant of all Men living : For tho' he is in the absolute possession of Made- moiselle's Favour, he has an almost*

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*infinite Number of Mistresses besides, whom he cajoles into his snare, by his deceitful Language : At this time when he has an Intrigue with a Counsellor's Wife, for a few Days perhaps, and the next Week, doubtless he will be for a fresh one ; so that one must be half mad and bereaved of Common Sense, to have a Man of so odd a Character. To tell you the Truth, said the Duke, I think him the happiest Man on Earth ; he is not sensible of those Pains in his Love Intrigues, which are the constant Attendants of a well settled and constant Love, nor those Inquietudes which torment a true Lover. Do you call that Love, Sir, said the Marchioness with a seeming Surprize ? I should not much care to be beloved at that rate ; and I would rather chuse to be without a Gallant as long as I Live, than have one of that Kidney. What Qualities then must a Man be Master of, Madam, reply'd the Duke drawing nearer to her, to be beloved by you, and to please you constantly. Sir, cry'd she, Felicity, Tenderness, Sincerity, a
nice*

nice Passion without self Interest, and in short, every thing that makes up a perfect and accomplish'd Gallant. Where my Dear, reply'd the Duke with a passionate Air, where did ever you see the Original of this beautiful Picture? Don't you know that the defects you see in us, are like the shades which set off and embellish our Merits, and that if there were no Charms at all in Love, its Pleasures would soon fade and lose their relish. Is this your real Opinion then of your chargeable Sex, added the Marchioness with much Gravity, is Inconstancy your Talent, go and try whether you can meet with some body else that is fond of your frailties, which you extol for a Virtue: For my part, my Heart shall rather be without a Passion, as long as it endures, than to shew you the least Countenance; so that we have forfeited all your good Opinion, Madam, cry'd the Duke with a courtly Air, 'tis high time to reconcile you to our Sex, lest you should conceive a hatred against us: What an unfortunate Accident would that prove to
me,

me, continued he, if you should hate me, to me, who loves you beyond my own Life, and who have often told you so, if you will own the Truth. I am very doubtful, Sir, reply'd Madam de Montespan with much indifferency, what to think of it: Great Men are no less Politick and Inconstant in Love than other People; you have said the same thing to the Countess d' Olone, who at this very time exclaims against your Inconstancy and sudden Change, and so do several other handsome Ladies, I don't think fit to name for Modesty's sake, and for fear of doing them a Prejudice. Your Frankness and Reservedness, Madam, reply'd the Duke with much Gravity, are highly Commendable, but you should set bounds to them, and not take me for so fickle and inconstant a Person. I am sensible what you have told Madam d' Olone upon that head, who is a foolish indiscreet Person, whom I scarce should have as much as named to you, had not you begun the Discourse; I desire you to believe, I make a vast Difference
betwixt

betwixt you and her. He had no sooner said these words, but (being a Person who is very captious) he took his Leave very coldly, which not a little surpris'd the Marchioness, who intended not to have parted with him at so easie a rate, nor to be satisfy'd with words, which are not the only thing Ladies of her Temper expect from their Gallants. However, the Count *de Lausun*, against who's inconstant and Fickle Humour she had exclaimed so much but a few Moments before, took care to repair the loss she had suffered by the Duke of ——— Absence, and freely presented her with what it perhaps was not in the others power to give. The Count pass'd the Evening with her in all manner of Diversions the time and place could afford him and this Lady, who is as fickle and changeable as any Man well can be, could not forbear railing at the Count against the Duke, telling him, he would be a Child as long as he lived, and never come

come to an Age capable of striking up a good Bargain with a fair Lady, when she offered him the best thing that belonged to Her. Madam, added the Count laughing, *there is as much difference betwixt the King's Galantry, and that of the Duke of O——s, as there is betwixt the Sun and an ordinary Star; Every Action of this Great Monarch, in Relation to the fair Sex is charming, and raises an Emulation in others; whereas on the contrary, the Duke of O——s has nothing in his way of Courtship (which ought to have something of Vivacity and Briskness in it) but what favours Dulness and Languishment.* 'Tis very true what you say, Sir, reply'd the Marchioness with a smile, *he has spent above two whole hours in asking me whether I loved him, and whether he had any Rivals, besides a thousand quibbles concerning a certain Jenescay quoy, which I believe he was afraid he should not find out, unless one was to shew him the way to it. What signifies trifling away ones time at that*

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rate when a Man proposes to make sure of a Womans Heart ; all these delays serve only to cool our Passions, and to check the designs of a Lover. According to the rules I should give to a Soldier in the Wars of Venus, continued she laughing, he ought to Attack the Place he intends to take with the utmost fury, and not to raise the Siege till it has surrendred upon good Terms. I believe, Madam, no General in Europe, said the Count de Lausun with a most gallant Air, could have given a better . . . to his Soldiers than you have done, viz. to Attack a Place with the utmost Vigour, and not to stir from before it till it surrenders upon very good Conditions : This is as much as the best General could do, for we know that the greatest Captains have sometimes been lost during the heat of an Engagement. The Wounds we receive in the Battles of Love, reply'd she merrily, are seldom so dangerous as to prove incurable ; that God who protects them always, takes care of his Subjects, and
furthers

further the taking of the Place ; sometimes we get the Victory, and remain Masters of the Field of Battel before we are aware of it, and obtain the Garland Love has prepared for us. Madam, reply'd the Count laughing aloud, you have a very pretty way of convincing and reviving the Courage of such Volunteers, as are inclined to list themselves under the Standard of the God of Love ; such pleasing hopes and promises, are sufficient to rouse the Courage even of a Coward, and to make him out brave danger with Sword in hand, even with the utmost hazard of his Life. O ! Count, you will easily lose your self there, said she with a malicious smile, you will take care of it I'll warrant you for some time longer. I desire it should be so, continued he, that I may love you the longer and Madam de Montespan. Then arising from her Seat, after having obliged the Count with a kiss, began to Sing certain Words out of a certain Opera she had been

at

at, along with the Count a small time before.

*There is no Death like that which
Love gives us,
Nor a more quick Resurrection.*

The Count *de Lausun*, well satisfy'd to have so exactly hit the Critical Minute with this Lady, embrac'd her at parting, and the next Morning went to make Love at the Feet of *Mademoiselle*, who was not a little Jealous of his other Mistresses, and this was the reason why he never made her the Confident of his Amours.

The Duke of O——, who was very easily put out of Humour, and had left the Marchioness of *Montespan*, as we told you, in a very abrupt manner, did not pay her a Visit for some time after, looking for his Divertisements in Playing, and in the Company of some of his Flatterers, who to insinuate themselves into his Favour, left nothing unattempted

tempted to create a new Jealousie in that Duke, by certain Stories they told him concerning his Dutcheſs ——— and the Count *de Guiche*. These Inſinuations prevail'd ſo far upon the Duke, that he not only ſet certain Perſons to watch all her Motions, but alſo became ſo forgetful of his high Rank and Extradition, as to bend all his Thoughts to Revenge, whereof the poor Count *de Guiche* ſoon found the Unhappy Effects to his Coſt, his good Fortune, after having wrong'd him ſo long with a favourable Gale upon the Ocean of Pleaſures, now turning her Back to him.

The Duke of O——s, whoſe Devotion extends to a degree of Bigotry, being one day at Maſs at the Chappel of the *Palais Royal*, put his Hand all over into the *Holy Water*, rubb'd his Forehead with it, and with his Eyes liſted up to Heaven, made ſeveral Signs of the Croſs: The Dutcheſs of ——— who happen'd to be there at there alſo with
the

the Count *de Guiche*, whom he had not seen since his last Adventure, but now was come to hear Mals also, could not forbear, as her Ill Stars would have it, to Laugh at the Duke, which he perceiving, but dissembling his Resentment, went out of the Chappel without speaking one word to her, directly to the Queen Mother's Apartment, where meeting with the King, he told him all his Inquietudes, with Tears in his Eyes. The Dutchess of — who saw him go out, without speaking a word to her, or giving her his Hand, as he used to do, but leaving her to be Conducted out of the Chappel by the Count *de Guiche*, told him with a melancholy Air; *Alas! dear Count, all is undone: The Duke is certainly very angry with me, I could read it in his Countenance. I am ready to run distracted at it, Madam, What is to be done? I can't tell,* reply'd the Dutchess, *unless I desire you to withdraw.* The Count *de Guiche*, who always pay'd a blind Obedience

to her Commands, having Conducted her to her Apartment, left her with Mrs. *Montalet*, unto whom she related her Grief. The Queen Mother being touch'd to the Heart with the Duke of O——s's Inquietudes, and his frank way of speaking, desired the King to talk with the Marshal *de Grammont*, and to send the Count *de Guiche's* Son at such a distance from Court, that it might not be in his Power to appear there again, which was done accordingly some days after, the Duke making in the mean time a great noise, and putting out of the Dutchess's Service two of her young Ladies she confided most in, which afforded no small matter of Affliction.

The Count *de Guiche* had no sooner received the King's and his Father's Commands, to absent himself for ever from the Light of the Divine Dutchess of —— but he run strait to the Marquis of . . . his most intimate Friend ; who, as

we

we told you before, had so often forewarned him of his Mistortune, and told him with Tears in his Eyes, *Oh ! dear Friend, I am going to receive the fatal Stroak, that will put an end to my Life. This does not surprize me, Sir, said the Marquis with the same indifferency, having got notice already of his intended Exilement ; How often have I spoke to you about it, when you turn'd my Advice into Ridicule ; and told me with a very contented Air, I was unacquainted with that agreeable Variety, Love and Ambition raises in the Heart : Now see, said he jestingly, what glorious effects these two Passions have produced in you ? Now try whether you are able to stem the Current ; for my part, I see not the least likelihood, to avoid so dangerous a Blow. Alas ! I am utterly undone, my dear Friend, reply'd he with a Melancholy Tone, I see no means to save my self out of so dreadful a Gulph ; What is to be done in so dangerous a Case as mine ? Nothing but Death can deliver me. A*

L

Man

Man can't Die when he pleases, said the Marquis with a Compassionate Air, *you argue like a Child; your best way is to get out of the reach of the Court; your Gallantry will always be remembered, and you will be made sensible of what it is, to touch a Person of so high a Rank in the World, in so nice a point as this.* The Count was reduced to such a Condition at the very Thoughts of his Departure (which was to be within 24 Hours) that he was not sensible of what his Friend advised him to, and his Heart being too full of Affliction to give him leave to return a suitable Answer, he embrac'd him most tenderly, and told him with a deep Sigh, *Dear Friend, must I part with thee for ever? Don't be so much afflicted,* answered the Marquis giving him a Kiss, *I will endeavour by the Accession of my Friends, to make your Peace in your Absence, which perhaps may be of no long Continuance.* Would it please Heaven, reply'd he squeezing his Hand, *you may speak true, and prove*

a good Prophet, how happy should I be if you Some more Company coming in, these two Friends bid one another Farewel, and so parted.

The Count *de Guiche*, who had taken his leave of his Father before he went to his Friend, after having spent a few Minutes in ruminating upon his Misfortune, resolved not to depart without seeing the Dutchess of ——— to effect which, he ventured upon a thing which no Body but what was as Amorous as himself would have undertaken. He knew the Dutchess to have a great Esteem for a certain *Religioso*, who sometimes used to come to her : The Count having disguised himself under his Habit, went without any more Ceremony to the Palace, where in the height of his Misfortune he had the Satisfaction of entertaining his dear Dutchess for a considerable time, and to tell her at length, every thing a Man is capable of saying, or feeling, when he is to be separated

ted from what he Loves. *Is it possible, my dear Count, said she embracing him very tenderly, I should never see you again? Alas!* continued she with a Charming Voice, *your Acquaintance will cost me abundance of Tears; and 'twill be very hard for me to outlive, alas, that touches me to the Quick.* O! Madam, reply'd the Count de Guiche throwing himself at her Feet, *how much do I stand indebted to your Goodness, since you are pleased to withdraw from me so precious a Gift as your Love at the last moment? But after all this,* added he, shedding some Tears he was no longer able to retain, *I am at the Point of losing the most Agreeable and most Charming Happiness of my Life; which for the future will be indifferent to me without* The poor Count, at these last words, found himself so far overwhelm'd with his Afflictions, that he fell into a Swoon at the Dutches's Feet, who ordered Mrs. Montalet to throw some fair Water in his Face, whilst she rubb'd

rubb'd his Temples and Hands with some *Hungary Water*. This last Remedy proved the most successful, because the Dutchess her self had apply'd it, and there is not a more Sovereign Medicine in the World to recover a Lover fallen into a Love Fit, than the Fair Hand of his Mistress, which 'tis impossible for him to resist, unless he be actually dead.

The Count being recovered out of his Swoon, fix'd his Eyes full of Languishment, and a deadly Melancholy, on the Dutchess of ——— but continued for a considerable time longer without speaking one word : His Sighs, which on this occasion were the faithful Interpreters of his afflicted Heart, delivered themselves with much more Elocution in this Dumb Language, than the most Polite Expressions in the World could have. At last the Dutchess, tired with so long a silence, told him with a most Passionate Air, *Lovely Count, have you lost*

*the use of your Tongue ? What makes you
 silent at this Juncture when you should
 make use of all your Strength to assure
 me of your Heart's being mine for ever,
 and to comfort me for your Absence,
 by giving me assured hopes, that you will
 never forget me. I am sensible, con-
 tinued she squeezing his Hands, that
 heavy Afflictions are dumb, and that
 little ones make a much greater noise :*
*O ! most Divine Dutchess, cry'd the
 Count quite transported, with Eyes
 full of Languishment, then you will
 Love me after I am gone ? What good
 Fortune is there like mine in the midst
 of my most Cruel Exilement ? O most
 rigorous Fate, who snatcheth me, in
 spight of all my resistance, from the
 Feet of my Adorable Queen, and which
 for ever deprives me of those dear and
 sweet Moments I used to enjoy with
 her : My Life will be odious to me,
 so soon as I see my self absented from
 you, and 'tis possible time will efface me
 out of your Remembrance ; a Remem-
 brance most charming and precious,
 if I may be so happy, as to keep a place
 there*

there for ever. Can you doubt, Count, reply'd the Dutchess in a most tender and engaging manner, but that I shall continue to Love you after once having known you so well? O! 'tis a hard Task, my Dear, added she, to withdraw ones Heart, after it is once in your Power; one may try the utmost of ones Strength in vain to recover it, yet it will remain the Conqueror and triumph over it. In spite of my Destiny, which will not permit me to see you any more, I shall always bear an implacable Hatred to all those that have betray'd you, and been the occasion of your Exilement: Rest assured, that if ever it is in my Power to render you more Fortunate, I will omit nothing that may contribute towards it; and that I never can forgive the King and several other Lords, who have given and procured this cruel Command. Madam, answered the Count sighing, you are sensible 'tis a considerable time, since I foresaw this Misfortune, and that I told my self I was not born for the Enjoyment of so excessive a Happiness;

ness; Envy could not look without a Malicious Eye upon me, and has spit out all his Rage and Venom against even the most Innocent Actions of my Life, in order to render me odious to the Duke of ——— who ever since hates me, as he told my Father the Marshal de Grammont, no otherwise, than if I were the greatest Villain on Earth. The most violent Reprimands my Father (exasperated against me past all Reconciliation) gave me, were like so many Strokes that pierced to my Heart; and I protest to you, I could have wish'd rather to die on the Spot, than to be forced to submit to so harsh a Treatment: How, senceless, ambitious Wretch, said he transported with Rage, how durst thou have the Impudence to lift up thy Eyes to a Person of so high a Rank in the World? I thought it my best way to return him no Answer, knowing my self guilty of having raised my Thoughts too high. But pardon, most Divine Dutches, continued this Passionate Lover kissing her Hands, pardon the Ambition
of

of a second Jeanes whose Wings were melted because he came too near the piercing Beams of the Sun, said the Dutcheſs, interrupting him with a Smile, because ſhe began to be tired, to ſee the Count in ſo Languiſhing a State, without making the leaſt Motion of giving her her laſt Farewel. Truly never did a Man appear in a worſe condition, to act like a Man, than the poor Count did upon this Occaſion. I can't tell whether his Religious Habit, or the apprehenſion of parting with his Miſtreſs, had extinguiſh'd in him that Natural Heat, which moſt Gentlemen are ſenſible of when they are in Love with a Fair Lady ; but certain it is, that his Incomparable Goddeſs, ſeeing him in ſuch a Condition, which very much deſerved her Pity and Compaſſion, told him more than once, he ſhould thruſt his good Fortune as foreward as he could, and that ſhe would take care to ſupport it as long as ſhe could ; unto which I ſuppoſe the poor

Count return'd no Answer, at least not as far as ever I could learn. At last the Dutcheſs of ——— taking no great Satisfaction in his Dying Converſation, gave him leave to depart, telling him at parting, and looking at him with a moſt Compaſſionate Air, that ſhe would forgive his ſmall Faults both of the Body and Mind, and that ſhe would Love him nevertheless, tho he had been wanting in his and in a thouſand other things required from a true Lover. The Count ready to run diſtracted, becauſe he had no ſooner apprehended the Dutcheſs's meaning, began now to feel ſome certain Motions of Acknowledgment, ſuch as the Fleſh moſt commonly inſpires into all Amorous Hearts, and would fain have puſh'd on the Converſation to a more ſenſible Point, but that the Dutcheſs, who began to be tired with his Sighs and Tears, told him with a ſeeming endearing Air; *Don't ſtay, Count, go, go, I am ſatisfy'd with your Paſſion;*

Passion ; take care of your self, and rely upon every thing I have promised to you ; be gone without any further delay, least you should be catch'd here by the Duke, and then your Case would be more deplorable than ever.

Within a Minute after the Count was gone, the Duke of ——— paid a Visit to the Dutchess of ——— in her Bed Chamber, having not spoken one word to her ever since he left her the last time at Mass, and the Dutchess, who was vex'd to the Soul, whereof she knew the Duke to be the chief Occasion, gave him but a cold Reception, pretending she intended to retire into her Closet, to avoid his Company : But the Duke who was extreamly fond of her, seating himself near her, and looking at her, *what have I done to you, Madam, said he, which deserves your hatred, you shun me as if I were your Enemy. You are not unacquainted with it, Sir, reply'd the Dutchess abruptly, I am surpriz'd how you can ask me such a question.*

If

If it is the Count de Guiche's Absence, Madam, reply'd the Duke smiling, *that puts you into so ill a humour, and makes you so averse to my Caresses, I will rather chuse to make him come back cost it what it will ; but what do I say,* added the Duke checking himself, *perhaps he is not gone yet. You know that better than I,* said the Dutchess with a great deal of indifference, *I don't question but he has readily obey'd your Orders in every thing.* The Duke, who as often as he saw the Dutchess, found her in a most serious and pensive Posture, and who had flatter'd himself, that after the Counts Banishment from her sight, she would shew more fondness to him ; when he found himself mistaken in his hopes, he fell into a very deep Melancholy, which continued for a considerable time, nothing being able to divert him, because he observed the Dutchess's Indifference increas'd almost every Day. 'Tis certain, since the Count de Guiche's Exilement, she never shew'd any real
Tenderness

Tenderness to the Duke, whom she did not Love very much before : But this last Action having touch'd her to the Heart indeed, she conceived a secret hatred against the Duke and the whole Court, tho she did all she could to conceal it. However, at last, as time wears out the Remembrance of every thing, and that even the greatest Passions don't continue for ever, the Dutchess began to forget the Tender Addresses of the Count, and the Duke by degrees accusom'd himself to dispence with her Indifferency.

One Day the Dutchess of—— being alone with the Dutchess *de Crequi* (a Lady she loved extreamly, and whom she made the Confident of her Amorous Secrets) *St Cloudi*, she began to talk to her concerning him ; *'tis certain*, said she with a Languishing Voice, *that all Men are Inconstant and addicted to Change, I have not heard one word of the Count de Guiche since his Departure : O ! ungrateful Man*, continued she sighing

ing, he has got some other Intrigues upon his Hands; what is become of all the Oaths his Treacherous Heart has offer'd up to me, never to forget me, after what I had done for him. Madam, reply'd the Dutcheſs de Crequi, 'tis poſſible he dares not venture to write to you under his preſent unfortunate Circumſtances; you are in jeſt I believe, answered the Dutcheſs of ——— Laughing, as if this were the firſt time he has run ſuch a hazard? Beſides all this, Love knows how to ſurmount all obſtacles, and to open itſelf an eaſie way, if ſupported by a real Tenderneſs: But let us talk of him no more, come we had better divert ourſelves with your fair Cardinal; pray let us know how matters ſtand betwixt you and him, and whether you continue to be conſtant to him; to tell you the truth, continued ſhe laughing, I look upon the Cardinal as a very gallant Prelate, and the moſt charming Perſon in the World; for he has a way to accommodate every thing to the Will of Heaven, and his Precepts of
Moralitꝝ

Morality are very easie, would but all
 the rest of the same Profession follow
 his Footsteps, the Monasteries and the
 Ecclesiasticks would not appear so odious
 to the World as now they do : And
 don't you believe, Madam, said the
 Dutchess de Crequi with a pleasant
 Air, that most of our Religious Men,
 'tho never so reserved and austere in
 outward Appearance, frame themselves
 Moral Rules suitable to their own In-
 clinations, and relish the sensual Plea-
 sures at the same time when they pre-
 tend to pray for the poor Sinners. De-
 votion is the best Cloak in the World
 wherewith to hide their Gallantry's. I
 know one who always will not give his
 Absolution to a young Penitent, unless
 she bestows beforehand her Favours upon
 him, which are discounted when he
 gives her his Benediction, which, as
 you may easily guess, must needs be ve-
 ry Holy. But my dear, said the
 Dutchess of ——— interrupting
 her with a smile, in what manner does
 your lovely Cardinal impart his Bene-
 dictions to you, when he stays whole
 Days

Days with you to perform his Devotions. O ! Madam, cry'd the Dutchess de Crequi with a seeming bigotted and pious Air, *one may say he is an Angel when he is in private with one, the Charms of his Conversation are beyond Expression, and very beneficial.* I did believe as much, said the Dutchess of — Laughing, but especially when this good natur'd Legate offers some Vows at the Feet of some Female Saint, and prays her to be favourable and propitious to him in his Designs ; I am apt to imagine there are very few of these good Souls, who are capable of refusing the Incence offered to them by so Holy a Man, and of not Leaning to his Prayers with pleasure, that would be no less than to commit an unpardonable Crime. To confess the Truth, Madam, said the Dutchess de Crequi, without jesting, that considering his uncommon Deportment in all his Actions, 'tis a very hard Tryal, not to give ear and believe him in every thing he says ; I don't believe, that among all the Cardinals

nals, there is one who is so Aimable and less bigotted than he, every thing is easie, every thing is frank with him ; but after all, you must be pretty well acquainted with him, before you can rightly know him. My Dear, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— with an agreeable Air, you have drawn us the Cardinal's Picture like an Accomplish'd Person, and one without Faults ; How Fortunate you are to meet with so many Charms and Merits centred in one Man ; their Sex is most commonly no more than a Composition of Pride and Dissimulation, subject to continual Change, and in whom you dare not put much confidence. I am very sensible of that Madam, return'd the Dutchess of Crequi sighing, but I can assure you, those Faults you speak of don't belong to our Legate, it may be said of him, that he is the Phenix among Men, being the only one in his kind. Then make the best, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— of these incomparable Qualifications of your Phenix, and have a care he does not give you
the

the slip, such a dainty Morsel as this may be soon snatch'd from you, unless you keep it lock'd up very carefully. I take abundance of care of that, Madam, reply'd the Dutchess *de Crequi* merrily ; *the place where he takes his rest, and where we put him, is kept very close, and the Entrance to it is very small, and he is extreamly pleased with his Quarters ; which makes me believe he will continue there for a great while.* The Dutchess of ——— who had a mind to take a Walk, chang'd the Discourse, and sung these Words as she was rising from her Seat, and looking at the Dutchess *de Crequi* ;

The least chargeable Birds, and such as are least fitted for Flight, are in time tired with the Cage.

The Dutchess *de Crequi* fully convinced of the Constancy of her Gallant, returned no Answer, but by a Malicious Smile, and attended the Dutchess of ——— in her Walks, which proved very pleasant : As they

they were coming back, they saw at a distance, some Horsemen and Coaches, which were going to pay them a Visit ; this made them make more haste home, where every thing was in readiness for an agreeable Reception of that Illustrious Company, of several Princes and Princesses, who were come from Court sooner than ordinary, to surprise the Dutchess when she least expected them. Among these was the Prince *de Conde*, who, tho' most Passionately in Love with *Madam de Chatillon*, had nevertheless a strong Inclination for the Dutchess of ——— being a great Admirer of her extraordinary Qualifications ; so that in a little time his Esteem began to turn into Love, which appeared not to be displeasing to the Dutchess of ——— being willing to revenge her self at this rate upon the Duke of ——— and the Count *de Guiche*, who she actually believed had quite forgot her. But alas ! the poor Count, in his Unhappy Exilement, had no other

ther Thoughts but of his Adorable Dutchess, to whom he Sacrificed all the remainder of his Repose ; all his Sentiments were bestow'd that way, which sometimes served to allay, in some measure, the Tedioufness of his Solitude. At last, one day being quite tired with thinking and Vexation to hear no News from her, he resolved to venture at the sending of a Letter, to represent the true Sentiments of his Heart, and to write it under a disguised Name and Character. This Letter coming safely to the Dutchess of ——— Hands, she soon knew the Charming Style of it, which was as follows :

The

*The Count de Guiche's Letter, to
the Dutcheſs of —*

Madam,

‘ **T** Here is no Punishment like
 ‘ what I suffer, being deprived
 ‘ of seeing you, every thing seems
 ‘ insupportable to me in my Exile-
 ‘ ment, even not excepting my own
 ‘ Person ; and if, *Madam*, you have
 ‘ any Compassion, you ought, out
 ‘ of a Motive of Charity to bestow
 ‘ it upon an Unfortunate Man, who
 ‘ has Sacrificed every thing to please
 ‘ you, and to secure to you a Heart
 ‘ which will never cease to be yours.
 ‘ O Heavens ! who are Witnesses of
 ‘ what Pains I undergo, Can any
 ‘ Martyrdom be comparable to mine,
 ‘ being deprived of the Object that
 ‘ set my Heart on Fire ; that most
 ‘ dreadful Death would be prefer-
 ‘ able to those insupportable Inqui-
 ‘ etudes, which I feel both Day and
 ‘ Night ; I fear least, (but perhaps
 without

‘ without reason) my most Adora-
 ‘ ble Dutchess should have forgot
 ‘ and banish’d me from her Remem-
 ‘ brance; alas! this would prove
 ‘ the finishing Stroak to put a Peri-
 ‘ od to my Life, which I linger out
 ‘ for some time, but will soon be
 ‘ lost, unless you support it, *Madam*,
 ‘ by some agreeable Hopes which
 ‘ will still receive its Native Vigour.
 ‘ Pray don’t refuse to give some
 ‘ Consolation to the most Languish-
 ‘ ing and most Passionate of Men.
 ‘ who would think my self above
 ‘ every thing that may be call’d
 ‘ Great and Sublime, could he be
 ‘ once more so Fortunate at one time
 ‘ or other, as to tell you, *Madam*,
 ‘ at your Feet, that nothing but
 ‘ Death was capable to efface you
 ‘ out of his Mind.

The Count de

Now the Dutchess of _____
 was by this time sufficiently inclined

to forget the Count, seeing every day a World of new Admirers at her Feet ; she was nevertheless very well pleased when she perused his Letter, out of a piece of Vanity Natural to all Women, who when they are to lose their Lovers ; nay, tho they are not very fond of their Gallants, they are always very Ambitious of having a great number of Admirers, and love to keep them as long as they can. This was, as I suppose, the true Motive which induced the Dutchess of ——— to be pleased with the Count *de Guiche's* Letter ; perhaps they might be slender Remnants of kindness she had preserved for him ; but be that as it will, she seem'd to be very well satisfy'd with the Letter, nay, she kiss'd and read it over several times, and upon enquiry that she might safely entrust the Bearer thereof with an Answer, she went into her Closet, where she writ to him in haste the following Lines.

The

*The Dutcheſs of ——— Letter, to the
Count de Guiche.*

My Dear Count,

TO tell you true, I did believe
you had forgot me for ever ;
but now am convinced I was in
the wrong, and that I have been
unjuſt to call in queſtion the Fide-
lity of a Heart you preſerve, as you
ſay, entirely for me. I ſuffer a
thouſand Mortal Inquietudes ſince
you have been abſent, a thing that
touches me to the Heart, and I do
all that lies in my Power to make
your Peace at Court. I deſire you
Count, to reſt ſatisfy'd of my good
Intentions for you, and of my de-
ſire of ſeeing you once more in my
Life. The Duke of ——— and
all the reſt, whom I don't think
fit to name, have had their full
ſhare of Vexation, by my Indiffe-
rence towards them ; I know it is
a Sin not to forgive our Neigh-
bour,

' bour, and that it is a Precept of
 ' Christian Morality we ought most
 ' of all to put in practise ; but I
 ' know not how to bring my self to
 ' do it ; I am not able to banish
 ' from my Heart, the hatred I have
 ' conceived against these Enemies of
 ' my Repose and Satisfaction. Fare-
 ' wel, *dear Count*, be satisfy'd that I
 ' have always been very Affectionate
 ' to your Interest, and to every thing
 ' that concerns you

I give you leave to guess at the
 Count *de Guiche's* Satisfaction, when
 he received the Dutchess of ———
 Letter, which revived him as it were
 from the Dead, according to the u-
 sual Style of Lovers, and once more
 raised his drooping hopes, which at
 certain Intervals, were reduced to a
 very low condition. Never did a
 Man appear so well contented in the
 midst of his Pain; his only delight
 used to entertain his Melancholy
 Thoughts in some Solitary Woods,
 M and

and now he pitch'd upon the same place, and spent several days successively in relishing the Pleasures of his Love in his Imaginations, and to recal to his Mind those happy Moments he had enjoy'd at the Feet of his Dutchess. These were the daily Occupations of the Count in his Exilement. But let us leave him to his Imaginary Enjoyments, and see whether the Dutchess of ——— did in the mean while take some more real Pleasures, such as were more proper to give Satisfaction to her Senses. The Dutchess of ——— seeing her self without a Love Intrigue, soon resolved to enter upon another Engagement of that nature ; for the God of Love, who is more Jealous of his Glory than any other Deity, thought it not for his Interest, to let so Fair a Conquest slip out of his Hands, to the great Detriment of his Empire ; the Lord *Grave*, and the Count *de Lude*, did not sigh long in vain at her Feet, but met with a favourable Re-

Reception at her Hands, in spite of all the Duke's Envy and Jealousie, which almost exceeded the Bounds of Reason ; but being tired with the Dutchess's Indifferency, he amused himself with his Coquetries among the Ladies, making his Addresses to all that would but accept of them. One day the Duke being more Amorous than commonly he used to be, and entertaining the Baroneſs of ——— he had a great Inclination in the first heat of his Passion, to ascend the Hill of *Parnassus*, and visit the dwelling place of the Muses : But this Lady, who had a great many Gallants, who took up all her time, and seldom fail'd to attend her, would not suffer the Duke of O——, to get footing in her Dominions; whereat he being entirely dissatisfy'd, made him resolve to take up once more with the Countess *d'Olone*. This Lady being at that time not over crowded with Gallants, was then lying upon a Green Bank in a careless Nightdress ; the

Duke entring the Garden without much Ceremony, and taking her by the Chin, found it wet all over ; O! Madam, said he to her withdrawing his Hand, *who was it, that has watered your Grounds, it is overflowed every where, I intended to have planted something there, but find it impracticable ?* Let not that hinder you, Sir, reply'd she with a languishing Look, *from pursuing your Designs, we will take care to drain it, and make it fit to cherish the Plant you intend to plant there.* The Duke of O — s, whose Inclinations were check'd by this Accident, thought it his best way to defer the Business to another more convenient time, leaving the Ground to be Cultivated by the Countess — who was an excellent Gardiner, and who knew the Art of pleasing her Ladyship, who was the Mistress of it. The Duke of O — s had no sooner left the Countess, but he return'd to his Palace, distracted with variety of Thoughts, where he gave an account of his whole Ad-

ventures to the Prince de Conde, who came to pay him a Visit ; Did you but know, dear Cousin, said he with his usual Ingenuity, how far I was disgusted at the Impudence of this Woman, which put such a Check upon me, that it was impossible for me to come near her ; you would stand amazed at it. O ! cry'd he with a Scornful Look, how nauseous is the Female Sex, and how impotent are their Charms, when once they have bid farewell to Modesty and Moderation, and have not the power to refuse a good Turn. How, Cousin, would you have a Woman stand it out to the last Extremity in an Amorous Siege, reply'd the Prince de Conde, Laughing as loud as he cou'd, certainly you are of a different Opinion from most People, who look upon those that are pretty pliable as the most Aimable and most Engaging. I don't understand that, return'd the Duke of O——s Smiling, I like a little Opposition, when I make my Addresses to a Lady, methinks it makes Love relish the better : There is something in

what you say, Sir, but there is a considerable difference betwixt the beginning and the end of a thing, reply'd the Prince Laughing, in point of Gallantry; so soon as a Lady has let the Mouse dig a hole in the Cheese, all Dissimulation and Compliments are out of Season: Upon such Occasions as these I would have them follow the Advice of my Female Acquaintance, who seeing two Lovers that had a Tenderness for one another, caressing together without coming to the Point, What makes you thus trifle away your Time, said she, since your Love is reciprocal. The Duke, who is always starting Difficulties, and very irresolute in every thing, did still persist in his Opinion in opposition to the Prince de Conde, till at last they parted.

The last having a mind to divert himself with one of his Mistresses at the Duke's cost, told her the Subject of their Conversation, and this Lady having not Discretion enough to keep it to her self, communicated it to some others of their Acquaintance,

tance, till at last it came to the Duke's Ear, who ever since conceived a Grudge against the Prince *de Conde*; and he being naturally of an unequal and fickle Temper, he likewise broke off with some of his Friends, who Laugh'd in private at his Folly. Some Months after, the Duke, capricious even in his Devotions, made a new Vow to a certain Saint he had made choice of, among all the rest of these happy Intelligences; him he chose for his Patron, and kept pretty constant to him for a considerable time, if we may guess at it by the vast number of Prayers address'd to him; whereof we thought fit to insert one, which happened to fall into our Hands, among some other Memoirs of the Duke of O——s's Life, written with his own Hand.

A Prayer to St. Remy, the Martyr.

' **G**reat Saint, who illuminates to
 ' the highest Degree, the Re-
 ' bellious and Vicious Eyes of the
 ' Flesh, preserve my Soul, thro' thy
 ' Goodness and Sufferings, from the
 ' Temptations of the Devil, and the
 ' piercing Sting of Sin, which com-
 ' municates its Poison to us poor
 ' Mortals, and spreads within us a
 ' Poysonous Scent, destructive to our
 ' Salvation : This Mercy I hope for
 ' from you, good Saint, whose Com-
 ' passion is infinitely beyond all
 ' Bounds ; not one of your Brother
 ' Saints has hitherto been pleased to
 ' give Ear to my Prayers, in such a
 ' manner as I could have wish'd it,
 ' either for Power or Good Will :
 ' This has made me often change
 ' my Patron, after having thrown
 ' away upon them, abundance of In-
 ' cense, which I heartily repent of
 ' sometimes : But as for you who
 ' are

' are the Favourite of Heaven and
 ' Angels, and beloved by the whole
 ' Spiritual and Blessed Host, I don't
 ' in the least doubt, but that you
 ' will hearken to my Prayers, and
 ' fill my Heart with Satisfaction and
 ' Joy. *Amen.*

By this well fram'd Prayer you
 may see, that the Duke of O——s
 takes abundance of care of the Wel-
 fare and Tranquility of his Soul, the
 greatest Happiness a Man can enjoy.
 The Catholick Religion teaches us,
 that we must obtain Paradise by
 good Works, and that without them
 there is no Salvation ; this makes
 him sometimes tell his Intimate
 Friends, that to forbear going into
 the Wars, is a Charitable Action,
 for fear you should kill one of your
 own Kind, and this is his Reason,
 why he does not appear at the head
 of any of his Majesty's Armies ; first
 of all, for fear of being kill'd him-
 self, which is Self-Murther, according

to St. Remy's Doctrine, who expressly forbids it; and secondly, for fear he should kill any Body else. These are the specious Reasons which has made the Duke of O——s lead an Idle Life, and be useless to the State. But to return to the Vow he had made to his beloved Saint. A few Days after the Conclusion of *Lent*, our Duke, to make himself amends for several Weeks Devotion, went abroad a Fishing for divers Days successively, dress'd up like an Apostle, in Company of some of his Brethren, who wore a loose Gown, as well as himself, and a Leather Girdle, with many Knots in it, by way of Penance. These Fishermen row'd in several Boats upon the *Seine*, some with Fishing Rods, others with Casting Nets; After they had for a considerable time row'd up and down in the River, by good chance they catch'd abundance of Fish of all sorts in the Net, to the great satisfaction of the Duke of O——s, the Founder of the Feast.

He

He return'd his unfeigned Thanks a thousand times to St. *Remy*, and kissed, in the Presence of his Brethren, his little Image he wore in his Hat as well as they did, making a most sincere promise to him, as *Lewis XI.* did, who wore the Image of our Lady in Lead, on the foremost part of his Crown, that he would always remember him as long as he lived. The Feast being ended, each of these Disciples return'd to his own home, in his Apostles Garb. The Dutchess of ——— seeing the Duke enter the Palace under this Disguise (she being a Lady of a Merry Disposition) could not forbear Laughing heartily, which the Duke full of his Zeal perceiving, took very ill, and with a Look of Indifferency, told her; *Madam, you pay but little Respect to those that imitate the Saints : Do you know that this loose Gown has a Vertue of curing several Distempers, and keep us from Sinning. Then I don't wonder, Sir, that you wear it,* reply'd the Dutchess Laughing more heartily

ly than she did before, you that dread so much the Temptations of the Flesh, and a Habit of sinning in that kind, and this I suppose is the reason that makes you change your Inclinations and Mistresses so often. 'Tis true, Madam, answered the Duke in a milder Tone, and with a Smile, If I were to follow the Advice of my Father Confessor, I must be obliged to change oftner still, than I do : The Good Father is so nice and severe against customary Sins, that at his rate, one must have a new one every Month, or every Week. Truly, reply'd the Dutchess Laughing aloud, these Charitable Lessons of the Religious Father, are enough to make Men inconstant, if those that are guilty of that frailty of Loving the Fair Sex, are either sincere or Fools enough to let them know every thing they do, or think. At that rate, Madam, reply'd the Duke with an angry Countenance, you call Auricular Confession a Folly ; what would become of the Catholick Religion without this Mortification, which curbs our Inclinations
and

and hinders us from abandoning our selves entirely to our Lust : I know very well what I said, reply'd the Dutchess interrupting him, *my meaning was, that in a case of Gallantry, or some other insignificant Trifles, one need not be so sincere and open hearted to ones Confessor ; for their Inclinations being very often on the wrong side as well as our own, being sinful Men, as well as the rest of Mankind, they divert themselves with such like Confessions, at our cost.* The Duke of O——s who always paid a blind Obedience to Religious Men, and the Fathers of the Church, left the Dutchess alone abruptly, and all the time they were at Dinner would not so much as say one word to her. He was in the same Humour at Supper, till the Dutchess breaking silence first, ask'd how he liked the Spanish Wine. *'Tis admirable good, Madam,* reply'd he, scarce minding what she said, and tasting only a little of it. *Father Amelot's Health,* return'd she smiling, *he is a Confessor that knows*
how

how to accommodate himself to the inconstant Temper of Men, who could have thought that this Saint like Father, could give such charitable Advice to his Penitents, to change their Mistresses once a Month, or once a Week; and then surely, added the Dutchess coldly, they will commit no customary Sin, nor of any great consequence. The Duke of O——s, who found the Dutchess in a Jestling Humour, would not return her one word in answer, but arose from the Table sooner than he used to do, and shut himself up in his Bed Chamber, without making her the usual Compliments. The next day following, the Dutchess of —— tired with the Duke's Capricious Temper, had a mind to divert her Domestick Vexations in the Company of the Count de Jude, and the Lord Grave: This last of these two entertain'd her all that day with abundance of Tendernefs, and represented his Passion to her in its true natural Colours; his Addresses were not altogether received with
Indif-

Indifferency ; for the Dutches told him, that if he proved as sincere as he pretended to be, he might hope to be believed. *Can you question it, Madam,* cry'd the *English Lord*, throwing himself at her Feet with a most *Passionate Air*, *what Mortal on Earth could be guilty of such a piece of Dissimulation to the Fairest Lady in the World, unless, out of Respect, he should not dare to discover his real Sentiments.* O ! added he sighing, *I am perhaps too sincere for my Repose.* *Sincerity, my Lord,* reply'd the Dutches with a tender Look, *is seldom blamed in a Lover, especially since it is such a Rarity among Men at this time.* *Madam,* said my Lord quite transported, *this Qualification is not so rarely to be met with in England, as it is in France ; our English Gentlemen take a Pride in being sincere and faithful in all their Actions.* Some of them my Lord, reply'd the Dutches of ——— Smiling, *for I have known others of that Nation, who are not so nice in point of Conscience, and*
who

who will not be scrupulous to deceive a Woman, as well as the French, who have their Tears, Sighs and Complaints at hand, whenever they are inclined to weep, sigh and complain: You know, continued she with a Charming Air, the Duke de la Fayette? I believe I have seen him a thousand times Weeping at the Feet of a certain Fair Lady, whom he pretended to Love, from the very bottom of his Heart and Soul, and Laughing within a Moment after, as loud as he could, like a Fool. Is not this an insupportable Piece of Extravagancy, which would make one Laugh at such Fools. I remember one Day, this Lover being in one of his pretended furious Fits, was going to run himself through with his Sword, which all the while remain'd immovable in the Scabbard, had he not been prevented by his good natur'd Goddess, who had simplicity enough to run into his Arms. A pretty Trick indeed, said the English Lord, I suppose, Madam, you may easily guess, all these Grimaces were contrived only to get a Kiss or
two

two from his Fair Mistress, who perhaps was well enough pleas'd with 'em. Perhaps it may be so, my Lord, said the Dutchess, but after all, 'tis certain, that all these Faints are not pleasing nor engaging, and that one single grain of Sincerity, was a much better Relish to the Pleasures of Love. Could I be so Fortunate, Madam, reply'd the English Lord, as to gain the least grain of your Esteem upon that Score, I should think my self the happiest Man on Earth, and my Satisfaction would be much beyond what I am able to express. How do you talk, my Lord, reply'd the Dutchess with an Engaging and Endearing Air, what Time may produce, and what you may hope for, that Sincerity I require consists in this, that you never say more than you actually think. Will you give me leave, Most Illustrious Dutchess, reply'd this Lover embracing her Knees, to tell you every thing I think when I am . . . Yes, I allow you that freedom, my Lord, return'd the Dutchess merrily, let your Thoughts rove at Pleasure.

The

The Sighs and Complaints of Lovers ought to have their free course, for if you stop the Current, they die on the spot, and you know this would be very cruel and too great a hardship upon the poor Creatures. The Duke of O—s, who had not spoke one word to the Dutcheſs of ——— since the other Night, had taken a Fancy of late, to take every day a Solitary Walk in the Wood, he happened to come back from one of these Walks at this time, attended only by a few, and meeting with one of his Intimate Friends, who had more Malice than good Sense, he was told by him, That the Lord *Grave* had attended his Spouse the whole Afternoon, which put him into a very bad humour, and made him ask his Friend, (rubbing his Forehead all the while) whether he was there still; *yes, Sir,* reply'd he, *if you make haste you will meet with him,* so on he went as fast as he could, hoping to catch him in the Dutcheſſes Lodging Rooms; but she, who had her
Spies

Spies abroad as well as he, desired him in good time to be gone, so soon as a certain Signal was given her that the Duke was coming home. The Duke had no sooner set his Foot within the Palace, but strait he runs up to the Dutcheſſes Apartment, who was reading ſome Novel for her Diverſion ; but his Head being full of thoſe Notions that were told him by his Friend, he would not ſtir out of the Room for a conſiderable time, and at laſt his Curioſity went ſo far as to deſire her to let him have the Key of her Cloſet, pretending he left ſomething there that he wanted. The Dutcheſs who knew her Gallant to be out of reach, frankly opened the Cloſet, and ſeeing him peeping into every corner, reproach'd him, tho in very handſome Terms, with his Jealous Temper ; and the Duke was not a little vex'd with himſelf, to have miſſ'd his aim, and been too credulous.

The

The next day the Dutcheſs of _____ having a mind to divert her ſelf at one of her Country Houſes, within a few Leagues of *Paris*, took the Dutcheſs *de Crequi* and the Counteſs *de Soiffons* along with her. The Counteſs having told it to my Lord *Grave*, he came thither diſguiſed in a Country Maids Dreſs, under pretence of preſenting them with ſome Flowers of the Field the Dutcheſs of _____ much admir'd, and uſed to have them diſtill'd into cooling Liquors, ſhe had made uſe of in the Summer Season. The diſguiſed Lord took his Opportunity when the Ladies were taking a walk in a fair Meadow near the Banks of the *Seine*, and the Dutcheſs of _____ had ſeated herſelf on a little Hillock, ſeeing this pretended Damiſel come towards them, told Madam *de Crequi* who ſat next to her, *pray Dutcheſs mind this pretty Country Damiſel, how prettily ſhe carries her Basket of Flowers:* The *Engliſh* Lord, who was tollerably handſome, and very well ſhap'd, had

had contrived his disguise in so exact and natural a way like a Country Maid, that the Countess *de Soissons* thinking she intended not to come their way, called and asked her whither she was going. *Madam*, reply'd the disguised Lord with an agreeable Air, *I am to go to the next Village, to carry to the Dutchess of ——— this Basket of Flowers, she had ordered to be gathered for her; but I don't very well know the way to the House, I should be much obliged to you if you will shew it me. Here it is my dear*, said the Dutchess of ——— smiling, *come nearer*. The Country Maid presented the Flowers to her with so good a grace and in so respectful a manner, that she was charm'd with her extraordinary Deportment; but whilst she was Complimenting the Dutchess of ——— the Wind, which happened to be pretty high that day, tiffed up her white under Pettycoat, and discovered her Green Silk Stockings, which the Dutchess of ——— knowing
to

to be my Lords; O! my Lord, cry'd she taking him by the Hand, who thought to have met you here in this Country Disguise; truly you have been too hard for me, I verily took you for a Country Maid. This is a very pretty Device enough, to surprize Ladies, such a one as I should not have so much as dream'd of. See and mind Ladies, said my Lord in a very submissive manner, what a true and sincere Love is capable of undertaking. I believe it my Lord, said the Dutchess of ——— doubtless you have some Shepherdes or other here near this Wood, you intend to surprize in her Innocence, and so you are come to see whether some Amorous Shepherd or other does not endeavour to play the same Game with her in your Absence. That Goddess, Madam, that has brought me hither, reply'd this Lover with a deep Sigh, is in a Station far beyond me, and worthy the Adoration of the Universe. Then my Lord, reply'd the Dutchess of ——— Laughing, it seems it is no less than a Deity, that has known
how

how to Charm you at such a rate ; for we know that formerly, Men used to fall desperately in Love with the Celestial Powers. Thus Endymion, that famous Astrologer, whom Ovid so frequently introduces in his Works, was so passionately in Love with the Moon, call'd otherwise Diana, that he got soon acquainted even with the least Movement of that Planet. Do you question, Madam, said the Dutcheſs de Crequi coldly, that my Lord does not hope for the same Advantages as Endymion had in respect to Diana. I suppose the secret Motions of his Goddess are as well known to him as those of Diana were to this Astrologer. As far as I see, said the Countess de Soissons, there is abundance of Learning and Conjurat[i]on in Love, notwithstanding its being a Passion which is natural to the most ignorant ; nay, the unrational Creatures themselves teach to Love, and a Man must not be of the Offspring of Adam, if he loves not a Woman ; and a Female must not be a Woman, if she is able to resist the Artificial Insinuations

ations of Men. For my part, said the Dutcheſs de Crequi, interrupting her and Laughing aloud, I am actually of Opinion, that the Serpent who inſinuated himſelf into the Womans good Opinion in the Terreſtrial Paradise, appeared to her under the Shape of a Man, for otherwiſe I am apt to believe ſhe would not have been ſo weak, to give credit to what he ſaid, and to be thus bewitch'd by his Diſcourſe. I am of the ſame Opinion, ſaid the Dutcheſs of ——— ariſing from the Ground, this flattering Serpent made uſe of the Deceitfulneſs of Men, to ſeduce the Woman, the Sovereign Creator of every Creature hath beſtowed upon the firſt Man, being Jealous and Envious of both their Happineſs. The Engliſh Lord, who had hitherto kept ſilence out of Reſpect to the Ladies, will you give me leave Ladies, ſaid he, to give you my Opinion, which is not incongruous to what ſome Authors have maintained long ago, That Adam being very ſolitary one Day in the Garden, and having an Inclination

to try his Wife's Constancy and Resolution, transform'd himself into the shape of this cunning Devil. An admirable Thought, cry'd Madam de Crequi with a Smile, because Men retain to this day most of the nature of Serpents, which you know have a long Tail, the true Emblem of the Treachery, Dissimulation and Flattery of Mankind. You had better told us, said the Countess de Soissons in a Jest, that this part has some resemblance to what is most agreeable to the Ladies. The Dutchess of ——— blush'd at these words, and told her, Countess, as far as I can see, 'tis not without reason you have the Reputation of being a Lover of Tails. Madam de Soissons did not think fit to return the least Answer, perceiving she had been betray'd by the Marquess de Varde, (an intimate Friend of the Count de Guiche's) and some others of her Favourites, when she had got the By-Name of the Countess of the Tail. But to return to our Ladies, these went back to the Dutchess of ———

N

House,

House, and took my Lord along with them, without allowing the liberty to lay aside his Country Maids Dress, which they liked so extreamly well, he acting his Part to the Life, that he got abundance of Kisses among the Ladies, who fancying him to be actually what he represented, made him a thousand Caresses, telling her she look'd very pretty in her Straw Hat. Love being a thing that is catching, and gains ground before we are sensible of it, it was the Dutches *de Crequi's* Misfortune to be infected with it, and to fall in Love with the *English* Lord, who stay'd two whole days with them in his Country Habit, and used the same freedom there, as if he had actually been a Woman ; and to colour the matter, they had given her the Name of *Nivette*. Never was *Nivette* so much Caress'd and Kiss'd in all her Life-time, as within these few days, till they went back to *Paris*.

Here

Here the Ladies related my Lords Adventure to some of their intimate Acquaintance, and how pleasantly they had pass'd their time in the Country in his Company, to the signal regret of the Dutchess of — who fearing it might come to the Duke of O——s Ears, whom she knew to be addicted to that Plaguy Disease of Jealousie; the best Expedient she thought she could pitch upon, to remove his Inquietudes upon that account, was, never to see my Lord, except at the Dutchess *de Crequi's*, who, as I told you before, was in Love with him. The Dutchess of — in whose Heart he had made no great Progress as yet, was neither jealous nor vex'd at it, and the Dutchess *de Crequi's* Cardinal having got scent of this new Intrigue, would not suffer her to receive his Visits any longer. My Lord was overjoy'd thereat, his seeming Tenderness for her being only an effect of his Complaisance, and having never made any suitable return

to her Careffes : The Dutcheſs of —
 who uſed to ſee him afterwards now
 and then *incognito*, having a mind
 to jeer him, My Lord, ſaid ſhe, *why*
have you left of Viſiting Madam de
Crequi ? She will ſometimes when I
ſee her, tell me with a Languiſhing
Tone, that you are made to pleaſe a
Woman, that every Word of yours
ſtrikes to the very Heart : Certainly,
 continued ſhe merrily, *you have given*
her a home ſtroke, becauſe the poor Wo-
man feels it to this day, ſuch Serpents
as you, I find, are dangerous Crea-
tures, they ſeduce a Woman at firſt
ſight. Don't you know how open
hearted the Counteſs of Soiſſons was to
us concerning the Serpents Tail, I know
a very pleaſant Story of this Lady, con-
cerning this matter, but that Modeſty
will not permit me to tell it, however I
ſhould be well enough pleaſed if a cer-
tain Gentleman in the World, I know,
would tell it you for your Diſverſion.
 Who is this Gentleman, Madam, ſaid
 my Lord ſmiling ? 'Tis the Marquiſs
 de Varde, who you know is her head
 Gallant,

Gallant, said the Dutcheſs of ——— a Rattlebrain'd Coxcomb, tho' in outward appearance he ſeems to be a Perſon of Diſcretion. Yes, Madam, reply'd my Lord, I am ſenſible he muſt needs be a diſcreet Perſon, becauſe he reveals the Secrets of a Woman, which muſt needs be of the greateſt conſequence to her, if ſhe pretends to Modesty, and to be at eaſe in the point of Love. Poor Lady, reply'd the Dutcheſs of ——— like one ſurprized, ſhe at eaſe in point of Love. I don't believe that her Heart was ever ſatisfy'd with any one of her Lovers, tho' ſhe has had a good number of them; ſhe is always craving for more than falls to her ſhare. My Lord could not forbear ſmiling at the Dutcheſs of ——— Malicious Thoughts, and judging it not convenient to tell her his mind upon ſo odious a Subject, he thought it more for his purpoſe, to change the Scene, and to enter upon the Point of what Torments he felt, and what indelible Impreſſions her Fair Eyes had made on his Heart. I ſee my

Lord, said the Dutcheſs of ———
 with a Charming Air, and a Tender
 Look, *you are very ill, 'tis high time
 to eaſe your Pain. Moſt Divine Lady,*
 reply'd he Kiffing her Hand, *Alas !
 I can't live unleſs you take pity of me.*
What is to be done, my Lord, ſaid the
 Dutcheſs of ——— with a pleaſing
 Air, *to make you live a little longer ?
 You want the ſame Remedies you found
 your ſelf ſo well by ſome Weeks ago ;
 but you muſt conſider, you were then in
 a Womans Garb, and upon that Score,
 receiv'd more Favours than you can ex-
 pect at any other time. Madam, cry'd
 my Lord, with an Amorous Tran-
 ſport, pray give me leave to reſſume
 the ſame Habit, that ſo I may receive
 another Favour at your Hands. There
 is no need, my Lord, you ſhould change
 your Dreſs from Head to Foot. Look
 here, ſaid ſhe, putting one of her
 Head-dreſſes on his Head, and gi-
 ving him ſeveral Kiſſes, *this is e-
 nough :* Theſe being attended by a
 thouſand ſeeming Careſſes and ten-
 der Expreſſions, the poor Gentleman
 was*

was so far overcome by his Passion, that he had drop'd down in a Swoon, had he not supported himself by the Table. Being recovered out of his Love Fit, he said to the Lady with a very deep Sigh he fetch'd from the bottom of his Heart ; *I must confess, Charming Dutchess, that amongst the Pleasures framed by Nature, Love is that which charms and affects us the most sensibly. Are you still in a condition to be sensible of it.* My Lord, reply'd the Dutchess of — smiling. *I know not what answer to give you upon that Head, Madam, added he, I have had a taste of what is commonly call'd Loving, but never relish'd the true Sweets of that Passion till now. Pray, my Lord, said the Dutchess with a Sigh, what do you call Beauty ? Is it that which Tyranizes over our Hearts and enslaves them ? Alas ! I find you never have made a Tryal as yet of these hardships that attended a Tyrannizing Passion, which puts her Chains upon us, without letting us know for what.* I

will tell you frankly, my Opinion, Madam, reply'd the English Lord with a serious Air, nothing can be more true than what you say; it happened once to be my ill Fortune, to fall in Love with a young Lady in London, without being sensible why, for she was neither Handsome nor Well-shap'd, nor Witty; but she was Mistress of a certain agreeable Air, a *Je ne scay quoy*, which made me Love her in spite of all my Resolution to the contrary; and her tender Caresses, wherein she was not very sparing, so far entangled my Heart in a short time, that I was no more my own Master, but altogether at her Devotion. This is exactly the way, my Lord, to catch such Men as are immediately taken with the deceitful Insinuations and Caresses of every Woman they meet with, said the Dutchess of ——— with a Melancholy Air, some Women are like the Sirens, who Enchant Men to their Destruction.

Not very long before you came to Paris, there was a certain Lady of
Qua-

Quality, whose Name I am obliged to conceal, who pretended to be in Love as much as possibly could be with a certain young Gentleman, who as his ill Stars would have it, being Charm'd with the Tenderness of this Fair Lady, who harbour'd more Cruelty in her Breast than a Tygress, one day when he was with her, and thought himself the most Fortunate Man living, by the excess of her Caresses, she had taken care to give her Husband notice of his being there, who caused him to be Massacred, and to be thrown out of a Window ; can there be any Treachery like this ? I am sufficiently sensible, Madam, reply'd the English Lord sighing, the sincerity of a Womans Heart is not to be measured by her Caresses ; But alas ! what are we able to do to stand out against them ? It is a certain Frailty which draws us into a thousand Misfortunes. Their Conversation had not ended here, had not the Dutchess of ——— looking accidentally out of a Window, seen some of the Duke of O——s's Attendance com-

ing into the Palace ; which made her tell my Lord ; *O make haste to save your self, the Duke of O——s is not far off* ; which he did accordingly, kissing her Hand with a most profound Reverence, and some deep Sighs, which meeting with a favourable Reception from the Dutcheſs of —— she told him with a tender Look, *Go, go, my Lord, it ſhall be remembred to your Advantage ; as well as* The Duke of O——s who come in at that instant in a penſive Condition, put the Dutcheſs a little out of Countenance, while her Lover went his way, as well ſatisfy'd as poſſibly can be imagin'd. The Duke of O——s went into the Dutcheſſes Bed Chamber without ſpeaking one word to her, which made her ſay with a ſmile to one of her Ladies, *that the Duke had got ſome new whimſy in his head.* In the Afternoon the Duke of —— who ever ſince his late Vow he had made to *St. Remi*, had taken a diſtaſte at the World, but eſpecially
at

at the Fair Sex, (who never were his best Favourites) got on Horseback in company of 3 of his intimate Friends to go a Hunting with him, and after that to pass away some time at *St. Clou*, as merrily as possibly they could, as such a distance from Court. These 3 Gentlemen, whose Names I will forbear to mention here, had perhaps as weighty Motives to absent themselves from Court as the Duke himself had : One of these Three had had the misfortune to present to one of the most Fantastical Ladies of our Times, a piece of Meat at a Feast which she did not like ; and the other having apply'd himself for his Diversion to the Study of Chirurgery, had put a Tent in the Wound of a Lady of Quality, which did produce an unexpected Operation ; and the third affected a sort of neglect of every thing he saw, being resolved to turn *Man hater* ; so happy an Union of Tempers could not but make them very merry, and they

they were not sparing for delicious Liquors or Meats to encrease their Mirth ; when one of these Members of the Society of Reformation, interrupted their pious Conversations which run upon the Excellency of *Bacchus*, and told them with an Air, which sufficiently discovered his Resolution of falling out with the World. O ! says he, *how happy are we at this time, to be out of the noise of the Court, and remote from these Vanities which disturb the Hearts of Mankind, and make them Slaves to their Chimerical Notions : But, added he sighing, a Man must be induced with peculiar Graces from above, to take his farewell of these Passions, which Tyrannize over our Hearts, and entangle us into inestimable Errors. Nothing can be more charming than to confine all our desires to please him who has given us our Being ; let us work out our Salvation with fear and trembling, yet so as not to deprive our selves of the Enjoyments of good Cheer,*
or

or to spoil our Eyes with continual weeping for our Sins. This last Opinion having the Approbation of the Duke and his Company, they spent the whole Night in Drinking, and the next day they went abroad again a Hunting. After Supper they were diverted with a Consort of Musick, such a one as was not very suitable to check the Concupiscencies of our Senses; and after this our *Penitential Brethren* run roaring thro' the Streets in the Apostles Dress, like a Company of Mad-men, knocking at every Door they pass'd by. The Duke of ——— who felt still some Remnants of the Rebellious Flesh, being at some distance after the rest, and espying a Light in a little Window, drew nearer, and happening to see through the Glass a very handsome young Woman, he had not sufficient Power to keep under these Carnal Commotions of his vigorous Body, in spite of all the Resistance and Addres-
he

he was able to make to that Saint, the Image whereof he wore in his Hat, to *protect him against all Temptations of the Flesh*. But being interrupted and call'd for by the Duke of O—s and his Companions, they went to hear Mass in 2 or 3 Places as soon as it was day break, and having dipt their Faces all over in *Holy Water*, and fortify'd themselves with a good number of Signs of the Cross, they took a most plentiful and delicious Breakfast, and after this, taking a Walk in the Park, and the Diversion of a set of Violins, they retired into a Wood, with these Marks of Tranquility and Ease in their Countenances, as are commonly observed in those who easily set their Consciences at rest, their discourse all this while running upon nothing else but how to despise the World, and to try the Conversation of Mankind. Being well tired with these frivolous Reflections, the Duke of ——— who still retained

retained in his Remembrance the Fair one he happened to see the Night before, took a Resolution to go to the same Place again at the same hour, and to try whether he could not come to the Speech of her, while the Family was asleep, which he did without much difficulty ; for this pretty Girl had a Gallant, whom she durst not see but in the Night time, for fear of her Friends ; but so it happened by good Chance, that missing to come that Evening at the usual time, the Duke had an Opportunity of talking to her ; and the young Wench, who thought no otherwise by his Apostles dress, but that he had been some honest Fryar, who had lost his way, was so Charitable as to take him in, and not long after fell asleep : The Duke, who saw her lie in a little Bed, being mightily smitten with her Charms, went after her into the Chamber, and finding her half asleep, had sufficient Time and Opportunity to
commit

commit some Amorous Robberies, without the least resistance on her side, imagining no otherwise than that it was really her Gallant, who used to entertain her thus all the Night long. The Duke soon found out her Mistake, (while he clasp'd her in his Arms and Kifs'd her) when he heard her say ; *My dear Troil, you Squeeze me to Death, but your Caresses are very engaging* ; (this being the Name of her Gallant) but our Apostle, who was no Novice in Gallantry, was not forward to undeceive his Fair Companion, but got as many Favours as he could of his Fairunknown, who was not very covetous of them, being ignorant upon whom she bestow'd them, because *in the Dark all Cats are Grey*. Day-break now beginning to appear, the Duke got out of his Quarters as well satisfy'd as if he had been a King, tho not without some regret to see himself obliged to leave a Place, which had afforded him such

En-

Enjoyments; for he own'd afterwards, that he never met with so sweet and pleasant a Road in the whole Empire of *Venus*, as this. The Duke of O——, did also not fail to take his own Diversions, and being somewhat tired, fell asleep towards Morning, when the Duke of —— came home and went to Bed, with as much Privacy, as if he had been there all Night: For the Count of —— who lay in the same Chamber, being so fast asleep, as well as their Domesticks, as if they had taken a Dose of *Opium*, no Body knew of his coming into the House. In the Forenoon the Duke went into the Duke of —— Chamber, and finding him still in Bed, *I don't imagine*, says he, Sir, *that the Road you chose is that which is to lead you to Glory*: And the Duke was so frank as to confess his Frailty in that kind, telling him, That they must address themselves in a peculiar Prayer to the Pious St. *Remi*, to desire him, not

not to enter into his Book this Fault, which was owing to human Frailty, for want of sufficient strength to resist the Force and Temptations of Sin : The Proposition meeting with a general Approbation, our Penitents were no sooner got out of Bed, but upon their Marrowbones recited the following short Prayer.

The Prayer.

‘ **I** Ncomparable Saint, the Fairest
 ‘ and Brightest of all those that
 ‘ dwell in Heaven ; see here we are
 ‘ at your Feet, most humbly beseech-
 ‘ ing you, not to call us to an ac-
 ‘ count for all the Sins of our Youth.
 ‘ You are doubtless not ignorant,
 ‘ Great Martyr, how Rebellious a
 ‘ thing the Flesh is, and how diffi-
 ‘ cult a Task it is, to bridle it. The
 ‘ Desires of Concupiscency are revi-
 ‘ ved in me daily, in spite of all
 ‘ our Endeavours to keep them un-
 ‘ der

' der. Alas! Favourite of Heaven,
 ' how often have we attempted to
 ' check the Titillations of the Flesh,
 ' which from time to time insinuate
 ' themselves into our Hearts. The
 ' Pleasures of the Senses are the dead-
 ' ly Enticements to Vice, which are
 ' common to all Men, and will, good
 ' Saint, entirely play the Masters o-
 ' ver us, unless you take pity of us
 ' poor Sinners, and shelter us under
 ' your Shade, which is the Refuge
 ' of afflicted Souls. *Amen.*

Besides this short Prayer, they had
 recourse also to other Mortifications
 and Actions of Devotion, such as
 the scourging of their Sinful Parts
 with Rods: After this, they went
 to Dinner, where they took care to
 eat and drink, like Penitents, who
 stood in need of good and comfor-
 table Refreshments, after their Pe-
 nances. The Afternoon was spent,
 in making Reflections upon the tran-
 sito-

sitoriness of Human Affairs, and upon certain Points of Morality, as also in making a serious Application of their Penance, towards the obtaining of their Salvation. Toward the Evening the good Company, after having embraced one another, return'd to *Paris* every one to his own home, in order to recollect in their respective Retirements, what Satisfaction and Vexation they had received in their Progress; the Duke of O—, protesting to them at parting, that he would from that Minute begin to endeavour to procure the Peace of his Soul, in hopes that by the Pious and Wonderful Conduct of his Life, he might obtain a Place in the Calendar among the Saints.

But the Dutcheß of ——— who had improved her Husband's Absence to her own Advantage, had pass'd her time pleasantly enough with the Count *de Lude*; and the Satisfaction she had taken in his Con-
ver-

versation, being such as served only
 to whet her Appetite, she was re-
 solved not to let slip the next op-
 portunity that should offer, which
 happen'd soon after : For the Duke
 of ——— being at his Devotions in
 the *Chappel Royal*, the Count *de*
Lude fail'd not to make a Visit at
 the Dutcheſs's, who was as yet in her
Dishabilee. His Reception was very
 favourable, and as soon as she was
 Dress'd, she conducted him into a
 large Cloſet, ordering her Women
 (that were her Confidents) to tell
 the Duke when he came home, that
 she was gone abroad a Viſiting. So
early, ſaid the Duke not without
 ſome Surprize when he was told ſo,
it is not late enough yet to be ſeen a-
bout the Streets ; and ſo went into
 his Cloſet, and took a Book of De-
 votion to read in. The Dutcheſs
 in the mean while being very unea-
 ſie, while the Count entertain'd her
 with the moſt Charming and moſt
 Tender Expreſſions in the World,
 embra-

embracing her Knees with inexpressible Transports of Pleasure: *Alas, Count, says she with an engaging Voice, we dread that most we do not care to see: The Duke is Jealous to a degree of Madness; and I should run distracted, if he should hear that you are here.* My Lord Grave happening to pass by that way in a Coach, and espying the Count's Livery, began to mistrust the matter, that he was become his Rival, and was at that very time with the Dutchess of ——— which was a sufficient Motive for him to pay a Visit to her likewise; but the Dutchess was invisible that Morning to every Body else, but the Count *de Lude*, who took his leave of her soon after, having first conducted her to the Church of *our Lady*; whither she went to hear a famous Preacher, that was to Preach there that day. The Duke seeing her come homeward, being exceedingly troubled at that time with his old Distemper,

Jea-

Jealousie, told her, while he was rubbing his Forehead. *Well, Madam, how do you like Father Archangel's Sermon, have you received any Benefit by his Moral Precepts, and by that dreadful Judgment he denounced to Sinners.* I protest to you, Sir, reply'd the Dutcheſs acting the Bigot to the Life, *I never heard a more Learned and Judicious Man in all my Life: Oh! what a most surprizing way he had,* continued she lifting up her Eyes towards Heaven, *to ravish our Souls and raise them up to the Celestial Paradise.* Will you be pleased to tell me, Madam, said the Duke, where he took his Text? Yes, Sir, reply'd she coldly, *it was out of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah, Chap. 3. v. 10. where this Holy Man laments his being abandon'd by Heaven.* They lived together after this for some time in a tolerable State of Tranquility, the Duke's Jealousie being somewhat allay'd by the Dutcheſs's dextrous Answer, when a Journey
for

for *Flanders* was hotly talk'd of at Court. the Dutchess of ——— being at that time very desirous once more to see her Brother King *Charles* the II. of *Great Britain*, left the Court at *Lisle*, attended by her own Domesticks, and the Count de *Lude* and my Lord *Grave*, who had also an Inclination to take a turn into *England*. The King of *Great Britain* went to meet them at *Dover*, and the Interview pass'd with excessive Demonstrations of mutual Tenderneſs, as if they had been foretold, that this was to be the last time they should see one another. Upon the coming back of the Court to *Paris*, the Dutchess of O——s fell into a very deep Melancholy, which was taken notice of by every body, for she shew'd in all her Actions a certain carelesness for all the Vanities and Pleasures of the World; tho in the midst of this Languishment, she continued to be the Object of Adoration of all that beheld

beheld her, without producing any thing but Indifferency on her side. One day, the King, whose Inclinations were still for her, appointed a Ball on purpose to divert her, and had taken her out to Dance several times ; she went into another Room, and desired something to Drink, being excessive dry : A Glass of Lemonade was brought her, which she took off very hastily, and was supposed to be the Cause of her Death.

During her Sickness, which was of no long Continuance, she declared to all that had the Honour to see her, That she was willing to leave the World, without the least regret.

The King was highly afflicted at her Death, and so was the whole Court, at least in outward appearance : She was Interr'd at *St. Dennis* among the Royal Tombs. While the Court was in Mourning, no Diversions were allow'd of there, un-

less it were in private. The Duke of O——s appear'd almost inconsolable for the Loss of his Illustrious Spouse, not being able to forget her for some time ; till at last the Marriage that was propos'd betwixt him and the *Elector Palatine's* Daughter some Years after, put an end to his Affliction.

The Count *de Guiche* soon after writ a Letter out of *Sweden* to the Marquis *de Varde*, his most intimate Friend, concerning a Successful Amorous Intrigue he was engaged in, with one of the Gallantest Ladies of the *Swedish* Court.

The

*The Count de Guiche's Letter, to the
Marquiss de Varde.*

Dear Friend,

‘ **T**IS high time to write you
 ‘ some News concerning my
 ‘ Pleasures as well as my Pains, and
 ‘ to give you the true Pourtraiture
 ‘ of *Love* here in *Sweedland*, which
 ‘ has not the least share of that
 ‘ Politeness and Pleasantness it has
 ‘ with us. You must set before
 ‘ your Eyes a good fat overgrown
 ‘ *Cupid*, who seldom wounds the
 ‘ Heart of a Woman here in the nice
 ‘ Part. This Material God, acts
 ‘ his Part here, barely out of a
 ‘ Principle of Ambition or Inte-
 ‘ rest; and, as they move but very
 ‘ slow in Love, their Gallants ne-
 ‘ ver taste the true Relish of Love
 ‘ with these Ladies of the *North*,
 ‘ till they have put them to vast
 ‘ Expences, and received confi-
 ‘ derable

' derable Presents : 'Tis not till
 ' then , that they will grant
 ' them the least Favour, which
 ' amounts to no more, than to
 ' Eat with them some Fruits, such
 ' as this Cold Climate affords, or
 ' to Read a few Songs to them ;
 ' in which they take more Plea-
 ' sure, than we do in all the Ra-
 ' vishments of *Love*, a thing they
 ' are scarce well acquainted with ;
 ' for here you may look for *Love* in
 ' *Love* it self. Now, I leave it to
 ' you, to consider, how nicely this
 ' way of making *Love* hits my In-
 ' clinations and Genius ; neverthe-
 ' less, I am forced to take up with
 ' what I can get, because there is
 ' no better to be had. Adieu, my
 ' Dear, you are sensible that I
 ' am

Yours,

The Count de Guiche.

The

The Marquis *de Varde* could not forbear Laughing at this Letter, no more than all the rest of his Friends that saw it, who have communicated it to me, to be inserted here; and if I find that this Story meets with a Favourable Acceptance from the Publick, I will not fail to give you the remaining part of his Adventures hereafter.

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